

Vol. XV

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1905

No. 28.

THE MIRROR

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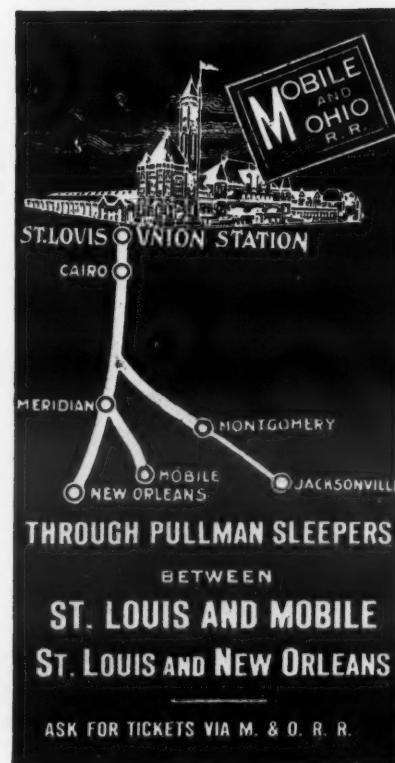
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Bond Investment Manoeuvres

By Moses Greengoods

THERE has been a plethora in these diggings of bond investment companies, and now they are beginning to merge into one another. The court records here in cases in which poor investors have tried to get their money out, show that this is very difficult, except at a sacrifice of much of what the investors put in on the time payment plan. The companies that have been sued, usually, after a bluff stand, have "settled out of court." These companies are operated under dextrously drawn forms of contract, which are supposed to conform with the laws against swindling. Every one of the concerns has a goodly staff of politicians identified with it somewhere, on the directory or as legal counsel. Good lawyers who have taken cases for poor people in order to withdraw their clients' money have tried to interest the postal authorities with a view to forbidding the use of the mails to such companies, but have thus far been unsuccessful. Revenues of such companies, daily, are something enormous, and the cash they control is of much potency in various ways. Pending and preceding one of these mergers it was made plain that one set of operators was much afraid of an investigation, and was willing to buy influence, which was not for sale, in order to stave off the blow off. When any gang is willing to offer to put up \$18,000 or more for a half interest in a paper that was supposed to be about to expose the game, in order to control the editor, and prevent the publication of facts supposed to be in the paper's possession, the fact of such willingness argues crookedness, especially when, thinking the deal wouldn't go through, they took occasion to sell out, lock stock and barrel, to rival companies. These bond investment fellows didn't know, while they, supposedly, were trying to buy an editor, the editor knew that they were only figuring to prevent a blow-off before they could sell out. The fellows who were trying to tie-up an editor, didn't know that the editor was feeling them out to see how far they would go, after their first proposition to buy off a supposedly imminent exposure, and that the editor knew from their own office of the deal that was "on" for a merger. The MIRROR says that only a questionable game can afford to offer to buy silence as to all the get-rich-quick schemes in St. Louis, and that the whole pack of investment companies should be investigated by the postal authorities, since the game is largely worked through the mails. Mergers only monopolize this graft—if it be a graft, as one is justified in supposing, when its agents drift into newspaper offices to buy an interest that would entitle them to prevent any such criticism as brought about the downfall of Lewis and his People's United States Bank. Certain big recently merged bond investment companies should be investigated, to learn why certain elements got out of the game. Those elements thought they were holding off exposure by offers to buy newspaper property in question, whence they fancied exposure might come before they could "merge." The bond investment game may be legitimate, but

legitimate business doesn't tip-toe around trying to buy silence.

Reflections

One Gallus or Two Gallus Quoits.

G OVERNOR MICKEY, of Nebraska, has recalled to the attention of a forgetful generation the ancient and honorable game of quoits, by defeating all comers in a series of games in the back yard of the Nebraska State House. He does not play the game with specially manufactured, perforated discs, but, as in accord with tradition, with horseshoes, just as we used to play it, as boys of the common people, before tennis and croquet and, finally, golf broadened down upon us from the rich bugs. It is a noble game, of a Sunday afternoon, with the can rushing to the thirsty participant, from the eighth of a keg of beer on a large cake of ice in the stable or woodshed. It is a game provocative of much dispute over the nearness of one or another shoe to the peg, or whether that is a "ringer" when the shoe is just enough around the peg to show by measurement that the peg is on a line, drawn from between the inner angle of the heels. The whole crowd that watches the game and assists at the guzzlement of the beer, gathers about the peg and indulges in high and fierce debate. Sometimes the police are called in to quell an argument, and the doctor to salve the wounds of the debaters. There are many fine points of the game, but Gov. Mickey says there is one on which he is not assured, and that is whether a player in the rigor of the game should lower one or both "galluses." The New York Sun says "lower both," but Capt. Henry King, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, maintains that the rules, like the galluses, are elastic on this point. Capt. King was the best quoit pitcher in Kansas for many years before he became the forceful editor of the plutocratic Globe-Democrat. He says (G-D., Vol. 31, No. 92, Sat., Aug. 19th, 1905.) with true conservatism: "The Governor of Nebraska will take no unfair advantage, and he evidently knows the rules of the game. But that he should ask if it is good form in playing to let the right suspender fall down over the hip, grieves us sore. It argues that Gov. Mickey pitches horseshoes with his suspenders on his shoulders, and that he is even in doubt as to whether one of them should be allowed to droop. The masters of the game wear neither right nor left. If there are 'one gallus' farmers in Nebraska, they are not of those who are now giving the State high place as a foremost exemplar of the manly sport of pitching quoits. There is but one man in the world the 'one gallus' farmer may reasonably hope to beat at pitching horseshoes, and that is a two gallus one. To make a 'ringer,' the muscles of a man which are in the shoulders and back, and not the arms, are drawn from left to right and from

THE MIRROR

right to left. If Gov. Mickey throws with his right, the muscles he will bring into play in doing so, will be those of the left shoulder and back, and not those of the right. Wherefore it is the left suspender which should be unreefed if only one is to go, but we advise the Governor to lower both of these sails and fly light before the wind, since that is the only way to score 'ringers' when a heavy wind is blowing. Or, if he be the best player in Nebraska, let him wear one gallus as a handicap and give the other boys a chance." This, while seemingly conclusive, is really a *petitio principii*. It smacks of the delphian authoritative oracularity of immortal *Capt. Jack Bunsby*. There are too many ifs in it. In the days when Capt. King triumphed in the lists at quoits in Kansas, he would have been more forthright in opinion, but now the interests must be protected. The suspender makers advertise in the *G.-D.* The infant suspender industry must be protected. If a man discards suspenders to play quoits, he may never again put them on. Again, we detect in the Captain the baleful influence of city dudery in the complacency with which he contemplates the mere possibility of discarding the suspenders of the common people and the adoption of the tightly cincturing belt of the shirt-waist man. Capt. King falls between the two stools of the protected industries and the struggling masses. The suspenders advertisers must be helped, but the gallusless subscriber must not be offended. He would only lower both when "a heavy wind is blowing." Now as long as Mr. Bryan lives in Nebraska, "a heavy wind is blowing." And it is highly politic to lower sails before the wind, when too heavy, but the great question is not one to be decided for special atmospheric meteorologic, barometric conditions, but for general circumstances. Capt. King temporizes again when he suggests that Gov. Mickey as a champion, handicap himself by dropping but one gallus to give the others, the gallusless, a chance. This is the doctrine that we shall shackle cunning in sport as in business, but mark these "weasel words," to nullify this dictum; "the masters of the game wear neither right nor left." Then the demagogic flattery of the insinuation that there are no one-gallus farmers or other citizens in Nebraska. Capt. King writes about pitching horseshoes as if he were concocting a party platform. He leaves us in the air. He does not even deign to say whether the name of the game is pronounced "quoits," as it looks, or "quates," as it is known in the short and simple annals of the poor. He is more casual and vague than the Supreme Court in its rulings on the relations between this country and its new dependencies. He admonishes Gov. Mickey that "Mr. Bryan who has been playing the one gallus game in Nebraska, for some time, has not scored a ringer yet." Even here he quibbles. Mr. Bryan has rung the welkin; he has wrung the neck—if it has one—of the octopus; he has rung changes on every phase of the great silver question; he is the utterer of ringing words innumerable; what preposterous evasion, therefore, to say Mr. Bryan has not made a ringer yet? Mayhap Capt. King thinks Mr. Bryan doesn't know what a "ringer" is. But does not the Captain remember that Mr. Bryan recognized the "ringer" that was put over on him here last summer in the case of Alton B. Parker, a ringer such as Baldy Ryan never yet put through on an outlaw track, and didn't Mr. Bryan score that "ringer" as he deserved? Gov. Mickey never so scored a ringer; nor Capt. King, not even when Talty was put through on him as Republican nominee for Mayor last spring. Capt. King knows all about pitching horseshoes, but his plutocratic

environment prevents his speaking out. The blood of bleeding Kansas, bled by the Octopus, chokes him. He says, to be sure, that "there is but one man in the world the 'one gallus' farmer may reasonably hope to beat and that is a two gallus one." This is seemingly direct, but really cryptic. It appears to argue for no gallus, but it doesn't, except under the condition that "a heavy wind is blowing," as appears later on in this noncommittal pronunciamento. What we ache to know is whether, regardless of wind, it is good form and the proper procedure for a man to pitch horseshoes with one gallus down, or both. The wind may be always blowing in Nebraska, but quoits is the game of the whole people, not of any section. We have seen Capt. King editing the *Globe-Democrat* with one gallus down and with both galluses down, and doing it equally well under both conditions, but editing the *Globe-Democrat* is not pitching horseshoes, as all men know, and a practice that may be optional in the former and unimportant function cannot be left so in the latter and momentous form of activity. Will Capt. King place his hand on his heart and tell us whether it is proper to lower one gallus or both in this great game? The world of quoit-pitchers wants to know, without reservations as to the winds that blow here or there. "The masters of the game" may "wear neither right nor left," but the rules of the game are not the practices of the masters. Are Rockefeller's practices the rules of the business games? Or Schwab's? Or Hyde's? Or Alexander's? Or Getrich-quirk Arnold's? Or People's Bank Lewis'? Why does Capt. King of the *Globe-Democrat* "palter with us in a double sense?" Why does he shift and shuffle and evade? Is he not a stand-patter?

♦♦

"COMMON sense and a sledge hammer," Chief Collins, of Chicago, uses to break up gambling. Chief Kiely will please observe, in relation to the bucket-shops.

♦♦

THE great firm of W. F. Boyle and H. Sam Priest needs a lawyer member. It is raising one to its own taste. He is even now "studying corporation law" at Charlottesville, Va.

♦♦

Booker Washington's Dinners

It's getting so that every time Booker Washington takes a dinner in the North certain statesmen and editors in the South have the colic. Yet Booker Washington would do well to be warned by that colic. It may imperil his work as an educator and emancipator of his race. He could very well forego a few dinners with charming white Philadelphia ladies at Saratoga and elsewhere to the end of not infuriating and terrifying the South with the bogey of social equality, and to the higher end of not hampering his great work by the germination of hostility to it in the regions where it is most necessary. The South may be, in a measure, crazy on the Booker Washington dining question, but the South's prejudices should be shown some consideration, just as among whites, Protestants don't go around damning the Pope to their Catholic neighbors, and Catholics don't bombard Protestants socially with excoriations of the shortcomings of Martin Luther. The Southern statesmen and editors exaggerate the importance of the Washington dinners in the North. They do it for political purposes mostly. Still, and for all, Mr. Booker Washington might advantageously to his excellent cause, take a reef in himself socially and refuse the enthusiasm of his ultra friends in the North, if by doing so he can allay the feeling that fructifies in the hangings and lynchings of his unfor-

tunate fellow blacks in the South. If every Washington dinner in the North means a barbecued black man in the South, why Mr. Washington might on pure humanitarian principles dine by himself. It's a condition and not a theory that confronts him. He feeds on the flesh of his race, when he lives in a way to send his fellows to the improvised gallows and the stake.

♦♦

THERE is no rest for St. Louis this summer and fall. "The Hon. J. N. Foote," editorial writer of the *St. Louis Republic*, has escaped from his keepers and is again at his desk.

♦♦

COL. HENRY A. NEWMAN of Randolph County writes friends in the city that his crop of gourds will be a record breaker. Col. Newman is seeking laurels that belong to others. It was Ex-Secretary of State Michael K. McGrath who discovered years ago that a crop of gourds and hound pups could be utilized as a political investment.

♦♦

Rev. Palmore's Palaver

THE Rev. Dr. W. B. Palmore, of this city, seems very unfortunate, to say the least, in his method of indorsing the Sunday "lid." He has succeeded in grievously offending the ladies of the German-American Alliance by his unqualified and inelegant utterances from the pulpit, asserting by inference that only "women of the street" are opposing the Sunday law. Dr. Palmore is so violent in his advocacy of temperance as to be very intemperate. Dr. McAnnally, of his own creed, once said, in speaking of the temperance cause, that he had lived long enough to learn that it was greatly injured by the intemperate language of many of its advocates. It is said of Dr. Palmore that he was not always of the opinion, touching the sale and use of intoxicants, that he now expresses. There be stories up the country that Dr. Palmore's wealth must be 'tainted' in its origin, if the sale of liquor is such an evil, and it is alleged that he once kept a country 'drug store,' of which no more need be said than that it had some hidden features of traffic characteristic of such places and was exceedingly profitable. However that may be, certain it is that he has immeasurably injured the cause he so violently advocates by his harsh criticisms of those who differ with him. His intolerance has robbed him of that power his knowledge and wide travels would otherwise give him. His opportunities have been such as would liberalize almost any man's opinion, at least to the extent of recognizing that in the matter of gratification of appetite tastes differ and that a very great number of very good people do not regard it as bad manners or bad morals to take a drink openly and publicly on Sunday. He sees but one great evil, and that is the use of intoxicants. One might be led to believe that had he been present at the marriage feast of Cana, in Galilee, when Christ turned water into wine, he would have protested. Probably he would have appealed to Pilate to order a "raid" of that gathering, though probably Pilate wouldn't have complied, for Pilate was a Pyrrhonist, and besides the tradition goes that his supporting legionaries were worthy Germans and they had learned to love their beer long before all Gaul was divided into three parts. As one who aspires to be a teacher, Dr. Palmore should know that intemperance in language may prove more injurious than intemperance in the use of intoxicants. Because some ladies in St. Louis do not agree with him touching the methods of enforcing the Sunday law, he has no shadow of right to class them with "street walkers" from his pulpit. In condemning him for this foolish preaching, with-

out assailing his character, the aggrieved ladies have exhibited far more of a Christian spirit than Dr. Palmore would appear either to possess or to understand. Judging from Dr. Palmore's ability to make trouble, his friends ought to advise him to put a padlock on his mouth and drop the key off the middle of the Eads bridge. A man who used to run a country drug store certainly cannot have forgotten the virtue of a certain amount of reticence concerning what people take for their stomachs' sake on Sunday or on other days.

❖❖

Gov. FOLK's train to the Presidency will surely be wrecked by some of the big words put across the track by the infuriated German editors. Madder a German editor gets, bigger the words he uses.

❖❖

ESSEN means eating, and the receivership of Lewis' People's United States Bank promises *delicacies*.

❖❖

Spend That Money

THE State Treasurer of Missouri has received \$475,000 from the government as indemnity for an old war claim. Statesmen are busy devising means for spending this sum when the next Legislature convenes. The State University wants the whole sum, the normal schools would like to split it up between them, the Good Roads Association will bid for the entire amount, and at least fifty other uses for the money have been suggested, each one of which it is guaranteed will make sure that there shall be left no remainder sum to embarrass the administration. Doubtless the claim itself was a gouge on the government, but who cares, so long as the money is in hand. One statesman not yet heard from on the subject, but who will undoubtedly speak in thunder tones later on, is Dr. Alonzo Tubbs, of Gasconade County, author of the anti-tipping bill, and also of a measure to provide flags for each and every one of the 10,000 school houses in the State, and compelling the directors to keep the said flags waving 365 days in the year. The intense American patriotism of Dr. Tubbs will surely lead him to suggest that this government money be utilized for furnishing the school houses with flags. And whether the Legislature sanctions or condemns the measure, it may be depended upon that Dr. Tubbs will continue to "hoop 'er up," any way, as this is the finest, cleanest case on record of the happy combination of "the old flag and an appropriation."

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MR. GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU will still be in the running for the Republican Presidential nomination when he succeeds Mr. Pshaw as Secretary of the Treasury.

❖❖

REALLY, now, doesn't it look as if when Mr. Root became Secretary of State he shelved himself for the Presidency?

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Halcyon Politics in Missouri

SENATOR STONE has fallen back upon the old reliable method of boosting political hopes in Missouri "in the good old summer time," to-wit: attending old settlers' reunions, county barbecues, fish-fries, good roads picnics, etc. So attentive has the Senator been to these gatherings this season, that Champ Clark announces his intention of abandoning the lecture platform and circuit for the time being, and "mixing up" with the Missourians. Champ would like to succeed "Bill." Like the legendary camel, ex-Governor Dockery has asked the privilege of

poking his nose in the tent. And the bucolics love to see the "Gov." eat with his knife—just as natural. Congressman Shackelford, of Jefferson City, who barely escaped last November's wreck, is so busy attending various and sundry *al fresco* gabfests that he has no time to talk about the tariff or anything else, except good highways in the Eighth Congressional District. There are other Democratic statesmen of lesser calibre also engaged in this line of business, but it is plain to the most superficial observer, that Senator Stone is the chief attraction, and he is covering more territory than any three combined of those who aspire to be in his class. Those who do not understand these non-partisan country gatherings, may imagine it would be an easy matter for any intelligent speaker to make himself agreeable. Nothing of the kind. Only a professional like Senator Stone, ex-Senator Cockrell, Col. D. P. Dyer, Senator Warner, the late Richard P. Bland and a very few others can talk to such gatherings and not make bad mistakes. One must know well the State and the people in each particular locality in order to obtain the best results. Those who do not know how the Missouri farmers in the different parts of the State live, what they hope for, and what they fear, had better not venture in this field. A speech that would go all right at a barbecue in Saline County would be poorly received at a good roads picnic in Laclede County, or an old settlers' reunion in St. Clair County. It would be fitting in Saline County to talk a little about river improvements, hammer railroad freight rates, the beef trust and the grain speculators' and gambling syndicates. Laclede County would not be interested in such talk, but good roads and the establishment of a national health resort at the famous magnetic springs would prove highly entertaining. In St. Clair County a proposition to abolish the Federal Judiciary, or, at least, prohibit it from interfering in any affairs pertaining to the collection of county bonds, would be touching a popular chord, for in St. Clair County the circuit judges are elected on the understanding that they must go to jail rather than order the payment of bonds issued as a bonus for a railroad that never was built. It requires a man of many parts, with a thorough knowledge of the State, to be a success at these non-partisan gatherings in political "off years." It is really a science; one must "understand the business." Many a promising political bark has sunk on these county reefs. There are localities in which a man must have recourse to a five-sided speech in which he appears to agree with everyone in the audience, and this calls for a past grand master in the art, like Senator Stone or Senator Warner. Had Missouri been carried by the Democrats last November, it is safe to say that Senator Stone would have visited the Philippines this summer and spent several months manufacturing anti-imperialistic medicine. But the election spoiled his plans. The Philippines can drop into the bottomless pit now for all he cares. Missouri is good enough for him. Crops in Stone County, the cucumber yield in Clark and the hickory nut prospects in Reynolds interest him more than the Colonial scheme in the Philippines. A year ago he held forth in this town at the aristocratic Southern hotel and discussed national issues with his friends in its commodious rotunda. Now the more rurally frequented Laclede is the best place to find him when he is here. But he only drops into St. Louis occasionally, for the picnic and barbecue season is at its height "in the brush." When he does strike town there is a smell of fried catfish and barbecued shoat on his clothes, and his kerchief shows

the unmistakable marks of pumpkin pie. The wonder is that Senator Warner persists in spending time formulating plans for aiding the Indian Territory and Oklahoma to secure statehood, and to compel Congress to make a decent appropriation for the Missouri River, when he could be dividing time with Senator Stone at the county picnics. The Kansas City Senator knows the country people about as well as Senator Stone, and the latter is no match for him in telling good stories. Perhaps Senator Warner thinks that three years hence will be ample time for him to take in the rural districts of his State. Undoubtedly, Senator Stone does not agree with this theory. He has a three years' full lease on his job, but he is not trusting anything to luck. It is no easy job, let it be known, to make the rounds of the country picnics, barbecues and old settlers' reunions. There is loss of sleep, long rides over rough roads in farmers' wagons, taking a chance on malarial fever, sleeping on straw ticks, fighting mosquitoes and seeking remedies in vain for chigger bites, etc., to be taken into a consideration. Mayor Wells might last three days, but a week would send him to bed for repairs, and the consolation of the uplifting companionship of that mighty mariner, Admiral Joseph Pea Whyte, of the *Mark Twain*, the dump boats and the Chesley Island garbage scows. Governor Francis has been through the ordeal, but he could not stand another siege. He would find cider and buttermilk, fried fish and roast whole sheep, a poor substitute for the World's Fair banquets and Noonday Club dinner; besides, the farmers are not hungering for his oratory now as was the case when he was a gubernatorial candidate. And it is rumored he sleeps in pajamas of palely purple silk—which is a piece of barbarous and pagan affection *a la Japonais*. It is consolatory to know that while party men in St. Louis are addressing each other in lethal language, some of our statesmen have nothing more serious to worry over on the morrow than whether they can "make it" to the next country gathering, twenty miles distant, in time to get in on the first layout of festival baked meats, or whether this story or that will "go" in the presence of ladies, or they can recall any particular local incident, character or peculiarity of intimate and almost esoteric interest to the crowd, to which happy off-hand reference can be made in the first five minutes of his speech. Such is the difference between the turmoil of city life and strife and peace and plenty in the country. Many county gatherings to come next month are trying to seduce Senator Kinney to the country to make speeches exploiting his views and giving them illustrations of his methods which "leave nothing to chance" in Fourth Ward elections, but the Senator is too busy fighting the head fee grafter in St. Louis, and besides he doesn't like fried fish.

❖❖

THE President won't have an extra session of Congress; at least, not until he gets the vindicated Francis B. Loomis off his hands.

❖❖

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES may be a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He will run on a uniform rather than a platform.

❖❖

Aretino's Portrait

AN American unknown, has bought Titian's portrait of Aretino for \$125,000. Aretino never got that much from any of his patrons, and he was a perfect master of all the arts of the "shake-down" and the "hold up." But the rascal could write, and that's why Titian painted him. Aretino was a great-

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er scoundrel than Benvenuto Cellini, Casanova, George Wainwright, or any other genius who ever lived, except possibly Claudius Nero, and a good picture of him by Titian is worth almost any price, especially at this time. For Aretino, if he lived today, would be getting out an edition of "The American Smart Set" or "America's Foremost Families," and the "mark" picked by him who wouldn't put up \$5,000 for a paid write-up would get one for nothing which would make him immortal in apparent infamy. Aretino's portrait will, of course, come to New York City, when the tariff tax is taken off art, but meantime, his style of doing a man up literarily in the most artistic fashion will have to be studied in Miss Tarbell's characterizations of Rockefeller and in the editorials of the New York Sun, inimitable for sarcasm, upon Odell, Harriman and Depew. If this coming of Titian's portrait of Aretino to this country should set many Americans to reading Aretino they will learn that for multifarious and multitudinous infamy Italy had us beaten some centuries since, and that with all our progress we haven't yet caught up with it in "the literature of exposure." Titian isn't considered in this case at all. He was only a great painter. Aretino was "the boy that got the money" and lied on it like "Coal Oil Johnnie" or the recent Scotty of Death Valley, only with more elegant taste.

♦♦

EVERY man who helped give Pierpont Morgan a black eye in the big Northern Pacific deal, has since been discredited and put on the defensive, from Rockefeller down to Benjamin B. Odell, and Morgan is again almost unchallenged as the financial genius of the country.

♦♦

MR. TAFT, in the far off Philippines, must be worried about the news of Cortelyou. Taft knows that Cortelyou is dear to what is left of the Hanna crowd in the Republican party, and represents the conservative element as opposed to Rooseveltism-to-the-limit which Taft represents.

♦♦

Taxes in City and State.

THE new State Board of Equalization has at last furnished the public with a summary of its work for the past few months. Its assessments of corporation property are not startling in the least, the total increase being but about \$5,000,000 in an assessment of \$136,000,000. The principal increase was placed upon the Terminal Association and the Transit Company of this city, and the Burlington Railroad. As the State Board is composed of four Republicans and one Democrat, all of whom made something of an issue in their campaigns of the low assessment of corporation property, it seems, after all, that the old machine assessments were not so much out of the way. The assessment of the old Boards always showed an increase from one year to the other, but hardly so large as in the present instance. It would be folly for any one to say that \$136,000,000 represents the cash value of all steam railroads, street railways, telegraph and telephone lines, and bridge property in the State. The assessment no more represents the value of this class of property than the assessment represents the value placed upon personal property or real estate. Neither has ever been assessed as the law requires, and all the State Board of Equalization has attempted in the premises is to maintain something like a *pro rata* in the country. Real Estate is assessed here in St. Louis at about 70 per cent of its value, and personal property that is discovered by the Assessor is rated the same. In some parts of the state realty and personal valuations range from

15 to 20 per cent, and the general average is not above 30 per cent. This is the reason the total valuation of St. Louis property is above one-third of the total state valuation. The State Board permits this inequality between St. Louis and the rest of the State to continue and even increases the corporation assessments. In the country the tax rate is invariably low, and that too, on the basis of a ridiculously low assessment, while in St. Louis the exact opposite is true. The worst of the situation is that the municipal expenses of St. Louis are so great that an enormous valuation on property must be maintained, for otherwise, the levy would exceed the constitutional limit; so it appears that as long as municipal expenses remain high a corresponding high valuation of property must result. During the campaign, Governor Folk and Secretary of State Swanger had a great deal to say about corporations being forced to pay an equitable share of taxes. They have both doubtless discovered that the corporations have been paying in accordance with the valuation placed on other property outside of St. Louis. The assessment returned by the Board indicates as much, and also that the old Boards were not so remiss in their duties in this respect as was charged against them. Other States have found it advantageous not to attempt to assess property at its actual value. The assessment in Illinois is one-fifth on the valuation, in Iowa, one-third, and in Kansas, one fourth. If a Missourian has \$10,000 in money or securities on the first of June, and returns the same to the Assessor, he will be assessed for the full amount; if he owns \$10,000 worth of land in the country, it will be valued at anywhere from 15 to 30 per cent. This is one of the great inequalities of the law in Missouri. It places a premium on taxdodging. Another has already been pointed out in the case of St. Louis.

♦♦

RICHARD CROKER "pays"—everybody does—for his success. He has lost two sons within a year, and his daughter has eloped with an Italian, who is either a count or a no 'count, or both.

♦♦

"BOODLING has cost Missouri nothing. The money was all taken from corporations," says former Governor Alexander Monroe Dockery. It's right for a public official to rob corporations. It's right to sell for private gain what belongs to the State. Oh no, Missouri has lost nothing—except the sense that should revolt at such an utterance from an ex-official.

♦♦

Tardy Justice

It would appear that tardy justice has at last been rendered Col. Ed M. Harbor, of Trenton, Mo. The State Supreme Court has appointed him a member of the Law Commission to pass upon the eligibility of all persons seeking license to practice law. More than ten years ago the Supreme Court disbarred Col. Harbor from practice before that tribunal on a charge that he had mutilated and interpolated what purported to be testimony in the transcript of an appealed murder case. With a fortitude seldom witnessed, Col. Harbor stood up under this disgrace and murmured not. Now it is made clear that he was not the guilty party, but that in order to shield a young lawyer friend, he assumed the responsibility for the mutilation of the transcript in the hope that time would right all things, as it seems to have done, for, in so far as possible, reparation has been made to Col. Harbor. A pretty story of friendship, this, and possibly some day it may be woven into a romance of politics in Missouri. Col. Harbor himself has never told the story of his part in this Damon-and-Pythias case, and it is not likely now

that he ever will tell it. All Missouri politicians think they have the main facts in the story, but they haven't, and those who intimate that there's "a lady in the case" have not the courage to specify exactly "where she came in." There are few better known men in the State than Col. Harbor. His friends were never satisfied that he merited disbarment, and this faith in him did not relax during the long years he suffered in silence. His appointment is generally approved.

♦♦

THE State Democratic leaders are framing it up to nominate Congressman Cowherd, for Governor. He won't do. Cowherd is Dockery. And Dockery is a coward.

♦♦

GOVERNOR FOLK declares in favor of enforcing all the laws. How about the laws against bucket shop gambling?

♦♦

Dowie's Fiat of Fecundity.

THE wires from Waukegan waft us these words: "In connection with the announcement recently made by Dowie at Zion City, that hereafter all faithful members of his Church who marry must first have his written consent or else the marriage will not be recognized by the Church, it develops that the First Apostle has gone a step further and means to direct to a certain extent the matter of Zion's birth rate. Dowie has always expressed admiration for President Roosevelt and has always opposed race suicide to the greatest possible extent, although he himself had but two children. Now, however, in order to show how he feels on the matter of race suicide, which he touches upon frequently in his sermons, Dowie has issued a command that henceforth every couple married in Zion shall lead a little lamb to the baptismal font each year. One child a year is to be the rule, and from now on, it will only be necessary to ask a man how long he has been married to know the exact size of his family." Bully for Dowie! But he is too modest of his compelling power. One child a year! Huh! What's the use of being a deputy God if one can't do better than that? Dowie should "make it two." That would be something that *would* authenticate him as an understudy of Omnipotence.

♦♦

THERE will be no extra session of Congress. Thus does President Roosevelt facilitate public business, Congress is only dangerous when in session.

♦♦

JAMES HAZEN HYDE was, at one time, brought to the attention of President Roosevelt as a fit man to be Ambassador to France. The President looked him over and said "No." It was a narrow escape from the sort of blunder made by President Cleveland when he nominated James J. Van Alen for a foreign ministry.

♦♦

Schmierkase for Friction

OUR Republican City Central Committee is still aflame. It wants to reorganize so it may possibly control Federal appointments and the places in the St. Louis Health Department, in the event that a Democratic nomination to that position cannot be confirmed in the Council. There is much friction in the committee over these positions and the salaries thereto attached. It's almost as it was with the insurance adjuster who went out to a small town to adjust a loss on a burned house. "How did the fire start?" asked a friend who met him on his homeward trip. "I couldn't say certainly, and nobody seemed able to tell," said the adjuster, "but it struck me that it was the result of friction." "What do you

mean by that?" asked his friend. "Well," said the insurance man, "friction sometimes comes from rubbing a \$10,000 policy on a \$5,000 house." The rubbing of the spoils on the committee is likely to burn it up. It was not so in the old days when the local Republican party was "run" by Henry Besch. There was no friction, when the wheels were greased with *schmierkase*. Back to the Cherokee Garden! That is the only salvation for the local Republican party.

I GUESS maybe not our army officers can drink against the Russian fight-losers—Yes? No? *Vide* Taggart vs. Taggart.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON advises the men in Ireland to stay at home. Good—for Ireland. But what will become of this country? Where would we get our future statemen and handsome archbishops?

A Military Resource

MISSOURI'S Governor is going with his staff to the Portland Exposition. The Governor has an excellent staff, but not quite complete. He should strengthen it. He could not better strengthen it than by making a colonel of Count Robert Park von Wedelstaedt of the St. Louis Club and the whole round world, a blend of Apollo and Hercules and—yes, Cupid. Count von in such a uniform as he could design, would be a great attraction on Missouri day at the Portland show. He would be a worthy companion picture of military prowess to Major John Barry O'Meara and Major Emmett Newton. Count von Wedelstaedt is society's most graceful waltzer and two-stepper. He is an encyclopædia of social as he is the mould of physical form, and yet he has just that *ennuye* attitude towards society which assures us he would not neglect his military duty for any soldiering in the wars of Venus so pleasantly remembered of old time by Q. Horatius Flaccus. Governor Folk probably hasn't observed Count Park, because the Governor isn't much esteemed at the St. Louis Club, and seldom goes there, as his Grand Jury investigations meant an awful close shave on indictments for many of its most eminent members; still there are some righteous members of the St. Louis Club, and the Count is one of them. The MIRROR cannot understand why the Count hasn't long before this been utilized in military uniform by the State. He is one of our most representative resources, and he should be displayed at the Portland show. If he should be, we guarantee that when he hits the trail they won't be able to see martial heroes of other State staffs for the dust he will raise.

WE guess that the bucket shops will soon be raided, with common sense and a sledgehammer.

A TREMENDOUS pull is being exerted to cover up the crookedness in the Salmon bank, at Clinton, which operated in forgery for nearly thirty years, and was never truly "inspected," according to law. Salmon bank rottenness will appal the State, if ever it shall be thoroughly exposed.

OF all our fanfaronading, inflammatory blather-skites, Thomas Dixon, Jr., is the worst. He is worse than Tillman in his appeals to passion on the race question. Negrophobia is not the answer to silly negrophilism in New England or elsewhere. Negrophilism is a sporadic degeneracy of Puritan culture. Negrophobia is the hysteria of a decadent aristocracy. There is need neither to love nor hate the negro, but we should be fair and just towards him.

If we ask the negrophile if he'd have his sister or daughter marry a black man, may we not ask the negrophobe if Christ did not die for the black as for the white man?

T. ROOSEVELT himself is going to stand pat a little while; hence no extra session; hence also the temporary occultation of Gov. Cummins' "Iowa idea," on the tariff.

THE five principal crops are big. Republican administration did it. Is not "Prosperity" the Republican watchword? But did Republican administration bring the yellow fever? Oh no. That is due to Democratic rule in Louisiana. Logic is logic.

Receiver Essen.

THE *Republic* boosts Fred Essen, receiver of the Lewis bank, friend of the race-track, Republican boss of St. Louis County, patron of "Dreamland" and the "German Village," during the Worlds Fair orgy, head of the machine that fosters graft in St. Louis County. What is the pull of Cella-Adler-Tilles on the *Republic*, that it stands for all the county iniquities with a doddering approval or a muffled criticism? The Spencer receivership of the Lewis bank was condemned by the *Republic*. It approves the Essen receivership, when it is plain that Essen is the man the Lewis graft and the political and race-track machine are most pleased with. Lewis is close in with the *Republic* and the *Republic's* "send off" for Essen, in the light of its pro race track and graft-revel attitude, is significant.

MELVIL DEWEY was State Librarian of New York, also secretary of a swell country club. In his latter capacity, he issued an ukase against the admission of Jews to his club. He at present retains only his latter capacity. His defence that he hadn't barred Jews from the library, wasn't good. He had to go. And rightly, for a man who condemns any nationality, as a whole is a fool, and unfit to hold a public office.

THE last of the sons of George Pullman is dead, and the family name is wiped out. Neither of the Pullman boys did anything in life worthy of their opportunities created by their father. The children of the rich are doomed to this fate as a rule. They are left in the world without incentive to effort and they pass away after practically useless lives. The children of the rich are to be pitied.

MISSOURI politicians are all against Folk, but all over the United States Folk is regarded as the most likely Democratic candidate for President, and the one man who could carry the swinging independent vote in the popular election. Ask any man you meet from any other State and find the truth of this. Folk—whatever we at home may think he is or isn't—has captured the popular imagination, and that cannot be set aside. Local cliques in fighting him are like Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the sea with a broom. He will be nominated for President, hands down, and only God or Mr. Bryan can stop him, and at a show down Mr. Bryan won't, for Mr. Bryan will be in the Folk bandwagon on the issue of "clean hands in office." The issue is the thing. It is invincible.

"BLACK BUTTERFLIES" is a novel (Fenno & Co., New York), by Berthe St. Luz, "dedicated to the Noble Order of Mystic Shriners," which is not the

name of that order. It's a bluggy book, full of bathetic "fine writin'," and is enough to make all Shriners go chase themselves. If you want to see the hottest sort of sensationalism pushed to the point of unconscious farce and travesty, you should read this masterpiece of Berthe St. Luz.

It's exceeding difficult to get any salt on the tail of "the dove of peace," but Teddy'll do it. Both Russia and Japan want an excuse to recede from their respective positions with grace, and they can do so out of compliment to the President and the United States.

The Vice of the Sunday Lid

By W. M. R.

A GREAT deal has been written about the Sunday lid in St. Louis. Nothing better, or so good, has been written than these paragraphs:

The charge made against prohibitory Sunday laws directed against the sale of alcoholic beverages is that they promote lawlessness, hypocrisy and intemperance. Their tendency is to cause immorality rather than morality, and contempt rather than respect for law.

The attempt to close saloons on Sunday in a great city never has been successful and never will be. The better class of saloons close and the dens evade the law. As a matter of fact it creates an ideal condition for graft. So many persons oppose the blue laws and regard them as unjust and ridiculous that the temptation to violate them is strong. The violation of them is so profitable that widespread corruption usually results from the attempt to enforce them. It is so with all laws which do not deal with acts recognized as crimes in themselves, but are mere regulations of personal conduct concerning acts that are harmless in themselves.

One of the strongest objections to prohibitory Sunday laws is the essential injustice which arises from their attempted enforcement. They do not bear upon the whole community alike. The poor man's beer garden is closed, but the rich man's club is wide open. The poor man is deprived of his beer while the rich man can indulge without stint in wine and highballs. Clubs are formed for the sole purpose of evading the laws which thus quickly fall into contempt and become the prolific cause of discontent, disorder and resentment.

The regulative legislation of the State should be formed upon sound principles of liberty to meet the needs of the people and never to compel all citizens to conform to the narrow views of the one class of citizens. The regulative laws should be enforced in this spirit.

Those paragraphs are from an editorial in the *Post-Dispatch* last Saturday. Governor Folk may prate and prose from the platform until he is black in the face, about enforcing all the laws on the statutes, simply because they are on the statutes. The fact is, that, in a big city at least, the enforcement of such laws makes for lawlessness, in due course of time. There is plenty of Sunday drink obtainable in St. Louis now. There are many bogus clubs evading the law. There are hundreds of men taken into the real clubs, by a relaxation of club rules, for drinks. There are saloons running with the connivance of the police. Drinks are served in spite of the law, on the quiet, at certain high-class hotels and gardens. Idlers, loafers, gamblers and crooks can get all the drink they want on Sunday. The wealthy and prominent can do the same. The decent, temperate majority of folks is cut off from its harmless Sunday beer. The law as it is not enforced, and as it cannot be enforced, encourages furtive drinking, more prolonged and copious drinking because furtive, more real and more dangerous drunkenness. Law violators bribe officers to blink the

violations. There is no doubt that the Sunday lid is demoralizing the community in all the ways indicated and that the inconveniences appertaining to the sudden abrogation of an old custom among the people promote a temper on the Lord's day anything but harmonious with the cheerful, charitable, Christian feeling which should prevail on that festival of rest and recreation.

Governor Folk says "the lid is the law." The law makes worse evils than those it was designed to correct and prevent. The law should be modified to the taste of the vast, moderate, liberal, decent majority of citizens. In a little while this present law will be worse than no law, and Governor Folk will be held responsible for a last condition of Sunday non-observance that shall be infinitely worse than its first.

Tolstoy and Henry George

By W. M. R.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY'S letter to the *London Times*, published August 1st, in which he sets forth the Henry George land theory as the one thing which, put into practice, will do most to remedy the wrongs of the Russian people, has stirred the world of thinkers. Whatever other queer views Tolstoy may have, his views on the land question are sound and clear; as clear and sound as the same principles were when Herbert Spencer embodied them in his original edition of "Social Statics," Chapter IX., only to eliminate them from all future editions without ever giving an adequate explanation for his action.

The land belongs to all the people. There can be no private ownership of land, in abstract justice. These are propositions Spencer "proved," although proved is the wrong word. The propositions don't need proving. All one has to do to see the truth is to think of land in a newly discovered country. Who owned it before it was discovered? No one. By what authority does any one take it absolutely after discovery? By no authority. Land is valuable only because people's use of it makes it so, and the community makes it so, not the individual.

There is no escape from this doctrine—absolutely none.

Count Tolstoy goes into the argument of Henry George at some length, but his main contention is that only by giving the land to the uses of the people can salvation come to Russia, the point being enforced by the fact that Russia is chiefly an agricultural country. The people are impoverished because they are cut off from the land from which they should live. Tolstoy believes the people of the whole world are beginning to see the injustice of private appropriation of the land, and that when they do see it and believe it, the remedy will be applied. The influence of the George doctrine is plainly seen in the movement for a greater taxation of land values and of franchises in which the land is granted for quasi-public use. It has made the Irish tenant practically the arbiter of land values, and given him the advantage in dealing with the landlord in purchasing land. Plainly the George theory is forcing the land back into the common possession of the people by taxing it for the benefit of the people.

"The Great Iniquity" which is the title of Count Tolstoy's letter, has been published in full in the *Chicago Public* of August 19th, and it should be read carefully by every thinking man who knows and feels the injustice of the world as it is organized to-day. The one thought that comes to the philosophic student of the George theory, even after admitting its almost axiomatic nature, is that when the evil of private ownership shall be abolished, the ingenuity of man will probably contrive that the same advantage

shall accrue to the shrewd and able and selfish and unscrupulous few that now accrues in what is known as "the unearned increment." Count Tolstoy seems to scent this, for the nubbin of his argument is that the people who refuse to see the truth have no religion. For the bringing about of the better day of the land owned by the people, he argues, a change of heart is needed. Will such a change of heart come over us? It has come as to other injustices of organized life, and secured their abolition. It may come to make possible the destruction of the evil of a landed few and a landless many. At least we can hope so.

Kindly Caricatures

(14) Arthur N. Sager

THE man who succeeded Folk as Circuit Attorney of St. Louis! It's like falling heir to a squeezed lemon, eh? All the fame and glory of the place exhausted. The high lights of the sensational boodle trials are off the position. There remains only the routine duty of the place. Folk has gone higher, and the public eye follows him. No enviable position then, this of Arthur N. Sager. But a hard one. For he has to measure up in a gray light against a reputation his predecessor won in the red light of spectacular and successful war on vast villainy. It required courage in any man to take the place and the consequences.

Courage has Mr. Sager, and plenty of it. And strength, both physical and mental. He was not a center rush of a foot ball team for nothing. He took pay for it to pay his way in college. He was poor, but he won his way. He had a hard struggle, but he got firmly on his feet, and he entered law and politics simultaneously. He was a Democrat, then a Republican, then a Democrat, and finally a Republican. A very great number of us have been pretty nearly as versatile in politics as that in the last ten years, owing to shifting issues in which a man stood still, but his party was errant. He came into the Circuit Attorneyship as a Republican, and there he is now. His position, as indicated, is one of difficulty. If he should be sensational it would be said he imitates Folk. If he should not be sensational, it would be said, he has not Folk's energy and zeal. But Mr. Sager has buckled down to the hardest sort of duties—the humdrum, those the performance of which bring no applause. He has cleaned out the jail of its packed habitants who were left there while his predecessor fought boodlers in the limelight. He has cleared away a clogged docket of cases in which there was no newspaper or popular interest. He has fought to send mere larcenists to the pen. He has dared to open the gates to some misfortunates without trial. He has not sought for scalps to hang at his belt, and he hasn't had a press bureau at work to celebrate his deeds done or about to be done. Useless 'twould have been if he had. The public was tired of the grand act of prosecution a *l'outrance*. It wouldn't heed. Its interests had veered elsewhere. When Mr. Sager tried two boodle cases on the self same evidence that Folk had used to convict other boodlers, country juries acquitted the defendants. The public was tired. Folk, the star performer, was out of the cast. Time had worn off public feeling and—given opportunity to see that juries were provided sympathetic to mercy. The press didn't even comment at length on the acquittals. It was off and away, Athenian-wise, after some new thing. The public had grown weary of the boodle story and cynical because the indicted big fish had gone free, while the small fry were convicted. This condition, unfortunate for Mr. Sager, had its compensation. If it chagrined him to fail to convict, still it was something that the public knew of the change in the setting of

the piece and, feeling that not he, but the public ennui, was to blame, did not unjustly criticise him.

Yet Mr. Sager has done some good big things. He was the man who made the fight before the Legislature against the race tracks. It was he who uncovered the race track gambling crowd's store house of gambling paraphernalia and raided it. He investigated the stories of boodle in the great Niedringhaus-Kerens Senatorial fight after being often in the midst of it with the warning that if "anything came off," he would get after it. A. N. Sager it was who kept that fight clean, though there were millions on either side, and led it to a conclusion in which a poor man walked off with the prize. No glory, though, in the ounce of prevention; only in the pound—and the pounding—of cure.

Mr. Sager goes along doing the commonplace duties, cheerfully, energetically, modestly. He has injected kindness into those duties, and leniency. He has been a humane prosecutor, not a Brutus. True, he has dealt with cases in which the public did not demand blood, as in the boodle cases. He might act without suspicion of influence. But act he did, and he sent many a sinner back to his family who might otherwise have gone to prison. He has had charge of the Grand Jury where many a secret is told that would make a good newspaper story, but he has not given them out. If he had done so, even without authenticating them further, he might have inflamed opinion to demand victims. He has used his power with restraint, not here criticising his predecessor who in doing otherwise acted justifiably, if extra-legally, in a great and grave emergency. Mr. Sager is not a Folk and wouldn't or couldn't try to be. He has more red corpuscles in his blood. He is closer kin to men. He has more genuine sentiment. Folk is more calculating. Folk could prosecute a man and greet him with a smile. Sager would not distinguish so clearly between the man and the crime, between himself as man and himself as official. Sager is a man of generous nature and inclined to make allowances. He's a man who reads and has written poetry, a man who carries much of the boy spirit into life. Folk seems never to have been a boy or a young man—he's a born ascetic, a puritan, a person much like W. J. Bryan who never felt any prompting towards the adolescent agriculturalism which concerns itself with sowing wild oats. Mr. Sager is frank, while Folk is secretive. Mr. Sager has enthusiasms, but Folk's pulse never quickens, apparently. Mr. Sager is impulsive. Folk deliberative. Two Southerners more unlike are unimaginable. Sager might storm and blaze in doing his duty against a criminal, but Folk does it coldly as one who might be a professional crucifer. A fine thoroughbred horse against a fox; a gamecock against a pike; a *D'Artagnan* against an *Aramis*—such are the contrasts between Sager and Folk. Folk developed to his opportunity; his qualities were what were needed to cope with the situation. Only a man like him could have succeeded as he did. If Sager ever becomes a rampant reformer, he will be more like Jerome of New York, a little more brusque and not so talkative, perhaps.

Sager's opportunity hasn't come. It wasn't made to his hand. If, and when it does come, he'll be there, and there'll be ructions. It may come, and from any one of several quarters—in relation to police graft, in relation to bucket shops, in relation to election frauds, or otherwise. Sager has more friends than Folk, though not so many admirers afar off. He is a liberalist in his tendencies, and not mordantly ambitious. He's too big physically to brood out his policies Napoleonically, but he's built in body and brain for a "smasher" when he starts into action. Politically he isn't deceptive enough to go far. He's too good hearted to trample his way over others to a goal, and so much a philosopher that he qualifies all things and questions himself more than he does other people.



ARTHUR N. SAGER

Kindly Caricatures No. 14.

But he's Circuit Attorney. It's a coign whence to leap to fame. He has the qualities that will fit occasion if it come, if he doesn't turn from a ruining course against others to a life that will hold for him more of geniality and kindness and comfort than can be found in reforming a world of sinners, who are a

good sort, after all, that will not stay reformed, but forget its saviors in a reaction of nature which will admit its need of improvement, yet give ribald and derisive laughter to those who vainly strive to bring about perfection "while you wait." A man possibly so inclined is, all in all, just "the man to succeed

Folk." We can't all be taut all the time. There must be soft notes in the symphony of life, as well as shrill ones, twilights as well as high noons, calms as well as storms. And there are unfamed heroes of plain doing, as worthy as the slayers of our modern dragons. So, there you are.

The Romance of Tristan and Iseult

Drawn From the Best French Sources and Re-Told by J. Bedier: Translated Into
English by Hilaire Belloc

VII.

THE CHANTRY LEAP.

DARK was the night, and the news ran that Tristan and the Queen were held and that the King would kill them; and wealthy burgess, or common man, they wept and ran to the palace.

And the murmurs and the cries ran through the city, but such was the king's anger in his castle above that not the strongest nor the proudest baron dared move him.

Night ended and the day drew near. Mark, before dawn, rode out to the place where he held pleas and judgment. He ordered a ditch to be dug in the earth and knotty vine-shoots and thorns to be laid therein.

At the hour of Prime he had a ban cried through his land to gather the men of Cornwall; they came with a great noise and the King spoke them thus:

"My lords, I have made here a faggot of thorns for Tristan and the Queen; for they have fallen."

But they cried all, with tears:

"A sentence, lord, a sentence; an indictment and pleas; for killing without trial is shame and crime."

But Mark answered in his anger:

"Neither respite, nor delay, not pleas, nor sentence. By God that made the world, if any dare petition me, he shall burn first!"

He ordered the fire to be lit, and Tristan to be called.

The flames rose, and all were silent before the flames and the King waited.

The servants ran to the room where watch was kept on the two lovers; and they dragged Tristan out by his hands, though he wept for his honour; but as they dragged him off in such a shame, the Queen still called to him:

"Friend, if I die that you may live, that will be great joy."

Now, hear how full of pity is God and how he heard the lament and the prayers of the common folk, that day.

For as Tristan and his guards went down from the town to where the faggot burned, near the road upon a rock was a chantry, it stood at a cliff's edge steep and sheer, and it turned to the sea-breeze; in the apse of it were windows glazed. Then Tristan said to those with him:

"My lords, let me enter this chantry, to pray for a moment the mercy of God whom I have offended; my death is near. There is but one door to the place, my lords, and each of you has his sword drawn. So, you may well see that when my prayer to God is done, I must come past you again; when I have prayed God, my lords, for the last time."

And one of the guards said: "Why, let him go in."

So they let him enter to pray. But he, once in, dashed through and leapt the altar rail and the altar too and forced a window of the apse, and leapt again over the cliff's edge. So might he die, but not of that shameful death before the people.

Now learn, my lords, how generous was God to him that day. The wind took Tristan's cloak and he fell upon a smooth rock at the cliff's foot, which to this day the men of Cornwall call "Tristan's leap."

His guards still waited for him at the chantry door, but vainly, for God was now his guard. And he ran, and the fine sand crunched under his feet, and

far off he saw the faggot burning, and the smoke and the crackling flames; and fled.

Sword girt and bridle loose, Gorvenal had fled the city, lest the King burn him in his master's place; and he found Tristan on the shore.

"Master," said Tristan, "God has saved me, but oh! master, to what end? For without Iseult I may not and I will not live, and I rather had died of my fall. They will burn her for me, then I too will die for her."

"Lord," said Gorvenal, "take no counsel of anger. See here this thicket with a ditch dug round about it. Let us hide therein where the track passes near, and comers by it will tell us news; and, boy, if they burn Iseult, I swear by God, the Son of Mary, never, to sleep under a roof again until she be avenged."

There was a poor man of the common folk that had seen Tristan's fall, and had seen him stumble and rise after, and he crept to Tintagel and to Iseult where she was bound, and said:

"Queen, weep no more. Your friend has fled safely."

"Then I thank God," said she, "and whether they bind or loose me, and whether they kill or spare me, I care but little now."

And though blood came at the cord's-knots, so tightly had the traitors bound her, yet still she said, smiling:

"Did I weep for that when God has loosed my friend I should be little worth."

When the news came to the King that Tristan had leapt that leap and was lost he paled with anger, and bade his men bring forth Iseult.

They dragged her from the room, and she came before the crowd, held by her delicate hands, from which blood dropped, and the crowd called:

"Have pity on her—the loyal Queen and honoured! Surely they that gave her up brought mourning on us all—our curses on them!"

But the King's men dragged her to the thorn faggot as it blazed. She stood up before the flame, and the crowd cried its anger, and cursed the traitors and the King. None could see her without pity, unless he had a felon's heart; she was so tightly bound. The tears ran down her face and fell upon her gray gown where ran a little thread of gold, and a thread of gold was twined into her hair.

Just then there had come up a hundred lepers of the King's, deformed and broken, white horribly, and limping on their crutches. And they drew near the flame, and being evil, loved the sight. And their chief Ivan, the ugliest of them all, cried to the King in a quavering voice:

"O King, you would burn this woman in that flame, and it is sound justice, but too swift, for very soon the fire will fall, and her ashes will very soon be scattered by the high wind and her agony be done. Throw her rather to our lepers where she may drag out a life for ever asking death."

And the King answered:

"Yes; let her live that life, for it is better justice and more terrible. I can love those that give me such a thought."

And the lepers answered:

"Throw her among us, and make her one of us. Never shall lady have known a worse end. And look," they said, "at our rags and our abominations. She has had pleasure in rich stuffs and furs, jewels

and walls of marble, honour, good wines and joy, but when she sees your lepers always, King, and only them for ever, their couches and their huts, then indeed she will know the wrong she has done, and bitterly desire even that great flame of thorns."

And as the King heard them, he stood a long time without moving; then he ran to the Queen and seized her by the hand, and she cried:

"Burn me! rather burn me!"

But the King gave her up, and Ivan took her, and the hundred lepers pressed around, and to hear her cries all the crowd rose in pity. But Ivan had an evil gladness, and as he went he dragged her out of the borough bounds, with his hideous company.

Now they took that road where Tristan lay in hiding, and Gorvenal said to him:

"Son, here is your friend. Will you do naught?"

Then Tristan mounted the horse and spurred it out of the bush, and cried:

"Ivan, you have been at the Queen's side a moment, and too long. Now leave her if you would live."

But Ivan threw his cloak away and shouted:

"Your clubs, comrades and your staves! Crutches in the air—for a fight is on!"

Then it was fine to see the lepers throwing their capes aside, and stirring their sick legs, and brandishing their crutches, some threatening: groaning all; but to strike them Tristan was too noble. There are singers who sing that Tristan killed Ivan, but it is a lie. Too much a knight was he to kill such things. Gorvenal indeed, snatching up an oak sapling, crashed it on Ivan's head till his blood ran down to his misshapen feet. Then Tristan took the Queen.

Henceforth near him she felt no further evil. He cut the cords that bound her arms so straightly, and he left the plain so that they plunged into the wood of Morois; and there in the thick wood Tristan was as sure as in a castle keep.

And as the sun fell they halted all three at the foot of a little hill; fear had wearied the Queen, and she leant her head upon his body and slept.

But in the morning Gorvenal stole from a woodman his bow and two good arrows plumed and barbed, and gave them to Tristan, the great archer, and he shot him a fawn and killed it. Then Gorvenal gathered dry twigs, struck flint, and lit a great fire to cook the venison. And Tristan cut him branches and make a hut and garnished it with leaves. And Iseult slept upon the thick leaves there.

So, in the depths of the wild wood began for the lovers that savage life which yet they loved very soon.



SECOND PART.

I.

THE WOOD OF MOROIS.

They wandered in the depths of the wild wood, restless and in haste like beasts that are hunted, nor did they often dare to return by night to the shelter of yesterday. They ate but the flesh of wild animals. Their faces sank and grew white, their clothes ragged, for the briars tore them. They loved each other and they did not know that they suffered.

One day, as they were wandering in these high woods that had never yet been felled or ordered, they came upon the hermitage of Ogrin.

The old man limped in the sunlight under a light growth of maples near his chapel: he leant upon his crutch, and cried:

"Lord Tristan, hear the great oath which the Cornish men have sworn. The King has published a ban in every parish: Whosoever may seize you shall receive a hundred marks of gold for his guerdon, and all the Barons have sworn to give you up alive or dead. Do penance, Tristan! God pardons the sinner who turns to repentance."

"And of what should I repent, Ogrin, my lord?"

Or of what crime? You that sit in judgment upon us here, do you know what cup it was we drank upon the high sea? That good, great draught inebriates us both. I would rather beg my life long and live of roots and herbs with Iseult than, lacking her, be king of a wide kingdom."

"God aid you, Lord Tristan; for you have lost both this world and the next. A man that is traitor to his lord is worthy to be torn by horses and burnt upon the faggot, and wherever his ashes fall no grass shall grow and all tillage is waste, and the trees and the green things die. Lord Tristan, give back the queen to the man who espoused her lawfully according to the laws of Rome."

"He gave her to his lepers. From these lepers I myself conquered her with my own hand; and henceforth she is altogether mine. She cannot pass from me nor I from her."

Ogrin sat down; but at his feet Iseult, her head upon the knees of that man of God, wept silently. The hermit told her and re-told her the words of his holy book, but still while she wept she shook her head, and refused the faith he offered.

"Ah me," said Ogrin then, "what comfort can one give the dead? Do penance, Tristan, for a man who lives in sin without repenting is a man quite dead."

"Oh no," said Tristan, "I live and I do no penance. We will go back into the high wood which comforts and wards us all round about. Come with me. Iseult, my friend."

Iseult rose up; they held each other's hands. They passed into the high grass and the underwood; the trees hid them with their branches. They disappeared beyond the curtain of the leaves.

The summer passed and the winter came: the two lovers lived, all hidden in the hollow of a rock, and on the frozen earth the cold crisped their couch with dead leaves. In the strength of their love neither one nor the other felt these mortal things. But when the open skies had come back with the spring-time, they built a hut of green branches under the great trees. Tristan had known, ever since his childhood, that art by which a man may sing the song of birds in the woods, and at his fancy, he would call as call the thrush, the blackbird and the nightingale, and all winged things; and sometimes in reply very many birds would come on to the branches of his hut and sing their song full-throated in the new light.

The lovers had ceased to wander through the forest, for none of the barons ran the risk of their pursuit knowing well that Tristan would have hanged them to the branches of a tree. One day, however, one of the four traitors, Guenelon, whom God blast! drawn by the heat of the hunt, dared enter the Morois. And that morning, on the forest edge in a ravine, Gorvenal, having unsaddled his horse, had let him graze on the new grass, while far off in their hut Tristan held the Queen, and they slept. Then suddenly Gorvenal heard the cry of the pack; the hounds pursued a deer, which fell into that ravine. And far on the heath the hunter showed—and Gorvenal knew him for the man whom his master hated above all. Alone, with bloody spurs, and striking his horse's mane, he galloped on; but Gorvenal watched him from ambush: he came fast, he would return more slowly. He passed and Gorvenal leapt from his ambush and seized the rein and, suddenly, remembering all the wrong that man had done, hewed him to death and carried off his head in his hands. And when the hunters found the body, as they followed, they thought Tristan came after and they fled in fear of death, and thereafter no man hunted in that wood. And far off, in the hut upon their couch of leaves, slept Tristan and the Queen.

There came Gorvenal, noiseless, the dead man's head in his hands that he might lift his master's heart at his awakening. He hung it by its hair outside the hut, and the leaves garlanded it about. Tristan woke and saw it, half hidden in the leaves, and

staring at him as he gazed, and he became afraid. But Gorvenal said: "Fear not, he is dead. I killed him with this sword."

Then Tristan was glad, and henceforward from that day no one dared enter the wild wood, for terror guarded it and the lovers were lords of it all; and then it was that Tristan fashioned his bow "Fail-naught" which struck home always, man or beast, whatever it aimed at.

My lords, upon a summer day, when mowing is, a little after Whitsuntide, as the birds sang dawn Tristan left his hut and girt his sword on him, and took his bow "Failnaught" and went off to hunt in the wood; but before evening, great evil was to fall on him, for no lovers ever loved so much or paid their love so dear.

When Tristan came back, broken by the heat, the Queen said:

"Friend, where have you been?"

"Hunting a hart," he said, "that wearied me. I would lie down and sleep."

So she lay down, and he, and between them Tristan put his naked sword, and on the Queen's finger was that ring of gold with emeralds set therein, which Mark had given her on her bridal day; but her hand was so wasted that the ring hardly held. And no wind blew, and no leaves stirred, but through a crevice in the branches a sunbeam fell upon the face of Iseult, and it shone white like ice. Now a woodman found in the wood a place where the leaves were crushed, where the lovers had halted and slept, and he followed their track and found the hut, and saw them sleeping and fled off, fearing the terrible awakening of that lord. He fled to Tintagel, and going up the stairs of the palace, found the King as he held his pleas in hall amid the vassals assembled.

"Friend," said the King, "what came you hither to seek in haste and breathless, like a huntsman that has followed the dogs afoot? Have you some wrong to right, or has any man driven you?"

But the woodman took him aside and said low down:

"I have seen the Queen and Tristan, and I feared and fled."

"Where saw you them?"

"In a hut at Morois, they slept side by side. Come swiftly and take your vengeance."

"Go," said the King, "and await me at the forest edge where the red cross stands, and tell no man what you have seen. You shall have gold and silver at your will."

The King had saddled his horse and girt his sword and left the city alone, and as he rode alone he minded him of the night when he had seen Tristan under the great pine-tree, and Iseult with her clear face, and he thought:

"If I find them I will avenge this awful wrong."

At the foot of the red cross he came to the woodman and said:

"Go first, and lead me straight and quickly."

The dark shade of the great trees wrapt them round, and as the King followed the spy he felt his sword, and trusted it for the great blows it had struck of old; and surely had Tristan wakened, one of the two had stayed there dead. Then the woodman said:

"King, we are near."

He held the stirrup, and tied the rein to a green apple-tree, and saw in a sunlit glade the hut with its flowers and leaves. Then the King cast his cloak with its fine buckle of gold and drew his sword from its sheath and said again in his heart that they or he should die. And he signed to the woodman to be gone.

He came alone into the hut, sword bare, and watched them as they lay: but he saw that they were apart, and he wondered because between them was the naked blade.

Then he said to himself: "My God, I may not kill them. For all the time they have lived together

in this wood, these two lovers, yet is the sword here between them, and throughout Christendom men know that sign. Therefore I will not slay, for that would be treason and wrong, but I will do so that when they wake they may know that I found them here, asleep, and spared them and that God had pity on them both."

And still the sunbeam fell upon the white face of Iseult, and the King took his ermined gloves and put them up against the crevice whence it shone.

Then in her sleep a vision came to Iseult. She seemed to be in a great wood and two lions near her fought for her, and she gave a cry and woke, and the gloves fell upon her breast; and at the cry Tristan woke, and made to seize his sword, and saw by the golden hilt that it was the King's. And the Queen saw on her finger the King's ring, and she cried:

"O, my lord, the King has found us here!"

And Tristan said:

"He has taken my sword; he was alone, but he will return, and will burn us before the people. Let us fly."

So by great marches with Gorvenal alone they fled towards Wales.

(To be Continued.)

Silly Season Theology

By W. M. R.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Harper's Weekly* writes to that paper thus:

"A suggestion has come to me so extraordinary that I must ask you for a little space in your valuable journal in which to make it public. An acquaintance of mine, a religious man—actively and aggressively "Christian"—was a co-reader with me of an article by Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, in *Harper's Magazine* for August, at the close of which Professor Newcomb makes this inspiring statement: "It is, therefore, perfectly reasonable to suppose that beings, not only animated, but endowed with reason, inhabit countless worlds of space."

"My acquaintance, in commenting upon this liberal and enlightening article, said to me: 'This seems to me a horrible idea, to think that the planets may be inhabited by beings with souls. Is it not terrible to contemplate the possibility that our blessed Redeemer must wander from planet to planet, carrying the Father's message to His creatures and sacrificing Himself over and over again to accomplish for each and every world the great sacrifice of the Atonement?'

"I was simply dumbfounded at the suggestion, made in earnest, and showing, it seems to me, the strange attitude of some minds toward the reconciliation of revealed religion and the new revelations of science."

This has been sent to the MIRROR for comment. It is not difficult to comment upon it. The tremendous assumption that all other possible worlds would have to be saved by a vicarious atonement for each like unto that vouchsafed unto this world, is preposterous and absurd. It is not a metaphysical certainty that other worlds would have to be saved like this one, and, of course, to an Omnipotent Creator there are other ways of saving them than by a progressive series of Atonements. There might be worlds in which there was no Fall.

Professor Newcomb's supposition as to there being other inhabited worlds is interesting, but it is only supposition, after all. It is possible that there are habitable planets, but not probable, from all we know of the planets nearest like our own—Venus and Mars, let us say. There may be planets habitable and inhabited by sentient creatures, higher or lower than ourselves, but none, so far as Professor Newcomb can say to scientific men, whatever he may

write for *hoi polloi*, in which beings like ourselves in physical functions could exist.

It is held by some that life came to this earth on a meteor, as a bit of pollen from one planet-flower to fructify another. All the planets contain the same substances, though in varying states of atomic or ionic arrangement. There is none, so far as we know, where the material components and conditions are so exactly similar to those here as to justify a predication there of beings with bodies like ours, and if the bodies are different the souls must be different, and even reason may be different, since we know neither soul nor reason apart from our bodies; both are conditioned by the matter in and through which they function.

The Christian who conceived of a progressive interplanetary tour of Christ undergoing atonement surely conceived something horrible, especially in the light of what we know of the apparent ineffectiveness of the Atonement here. If other worlds would not be more generally saved than our own, the further agonies of Christ, possibly interminable, since the planets are of indefinite number, were a ghastly, because profitless succession of sacrifices. The whole matter is a "silly season" problem which may exercise amateur logomachists, but as strict science or theology it has no status any more than the mediæval speculations as to how many angels might possibly stand on the point of a needle.

Our Fragile Marriage Vows

By Elizabeth Waddell

THE solemn declaration of a bridegroom that he endows his bride with all his worldly goods, when he really means one-third of them or thereabouts, is not the only absurd inconsistency connected with the legal and ecclesiastical aspects of the serio-comic compact we call matrimony. It is absurd enough, to be sure, and the more so in view of the fact that the birthplace of the Episcopal marriage service, which makes the man take this extraordinary vow, was also the home of the common law, under the provisions of which it were far more fitting that the woman should be the one to say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

The sacredness attributed to the marriage tie in those good old days prevented the picking of it to pieces with a view to analysis and hunting down of its divers flaws. But now, when generations of lawyers have insisted on its being regarded as a mere civil contract, and it is invalidated with a recklessness which applied to contracts in general would be ruinous to the business world, there can surely be no need of taking the shoes off our feet before venturing even upon its ritualistic precincts.

In point of fact, the religious marriage ceremony is an anachronism in our twentieth century scheme of things. It is a vestigial reminiscence of the union of church and state. There is really no more use for it than for the vermiform appendix, but it's as eminently respectable as appendicitis. It is as proper—and meaningless—as the chaplain of the Senate, and we retain it, as it were in lieu of having "God in the constitution." Marriage is a sacrament, or something very like it, for the purpose of solemnization, but the merest kind of a civil contract—and barely civil at that—for the purpose of dissolution.

If we look at the marriage vows as terms of a contract, we cannot say that one outweighs another in importance. There is nothing in the "contract" itself to show that this is true. The promise to "love and cherish" is not more equivocal than that to forsake all others and keep only unto the one. Yet the breach of the latter is cause for divorce everywhere, while in no court would the allegation of the loss of love, unsupported by acts of cruelty or in-



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dignity, be given any consideration. Everyone recognizes the fact that the promise to love rests not in the will of the promisor to keep, and therefore means—just nothing. "Can we vow to be free from a headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?" Any "contract" that incorporates such impossible mummery into its terms is worthy of no respect as a contract, and in the business world would be treated with the contempt it merits.

This is not to be understood as any sort of plea for an unrestrained freedom of inclination in matters effectual; but rather as an attempt to show the inanity of making that a term in a contract, which everybody acknowledges to be without, or at least but partially within the control of the human will. To avoid becoming entangled with others is one thing, and to pledge oneself to go on loving the one, is quite another.

Under the marriage ceremony of more than one religious denomination, the bride, who has not stipulated for the leaving out of that clause, promises to "obey" the man whom she is then and there mentally proposing to lead around by the nose the rest of his natural life. It is to be hoped for the sake of the veracity of womankind, that she makes this astonishing vow as the darky bride made it—with "de left foot done crossed ovah de right." A highly appropriate attitude for the taking of matrimonial vows in general.

This, too, is sensibly if inconsistently, a condition whose breach does not avoid the contract. No court decrees divorce against disobedient wives, as no man nowadays would be sufficiently asinine to ask it, at least, in so many words.

These illogicalities, tending to making a laughing stock of what was meant to be a solemn rite, are not what make marriage the farce it is in a vast proportion of "modern instances," but they add their mite toward doing so. Vows taken with mental reservations, or with eyes wide open to their impossibility of performance, will cause the whole compact in which they occur, to be held in light esteem. There is a suggestion of cant about it all, and, in view of facts of final outcomes, more than a suggestion of hollowness, the clause, "Till death do us

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part," adding the finishing touch of irony. But it would all be more pardonable if the lawyers wouldn't insist that it is a business transaction.

The question, whether or not marriage can be looked upon as a mere civil contract, is one about which eminent jurists have disagreed among themselves, as well as eminent divines among themselves. This "*institution du droit naturel et du droit gens*," has been variously called by lawyers a true civil contract and an agreement wider than contract. The Catholic Church regards it as a sacrament, while leading Protestant churches, though not going quite so far, are more and more disposed to narrow the conditions of unqualified discharge from its obligations. Its main points of difference from other contracts, namely, that minors may be parties to it, that it cannot be moulded or modified at the will of the parties, that no damages may be claimed for injuries under it, that it cannot be dissolved at the will of the parties, and that deception does not invalidate it, have been discussed and rediscussed, tediously enough, no doubt, and yet momentarily, since the idea of its being a mere civil contract, is the root of the divorce evil as it exists to-day.

Is there any good reason why this most personal of all contracts should not be moulded or modified at the will of the parties? Since a rampant individualism is given play in its breaking, why shouldn't the individualities of the parties have some latitude as to its making? Perhaps, then, the breaking were less common. All persons do not require or expect exactly the same of a matrimonial partner. There are as many degrees of exactingness in the marriage relation, as there are of mental and moral calibre in those entering into it. Why, then, should not the agreement be framed according to the tastes and requirements of the parties—within proper bounds—allowing no important condition to be left to the imagination or taken for granted. Let it be in writing, as any other contract of equal importance would be—if there were any other of equal importance. Let the bride stipulate for pin-money, and the groom for buckwheat cakes for breakfast—like mother used to make—and all buttons sewed on. Let him state the maximum number of clubs to which she may be-

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long at any one time, and her set the hour beyond which he may not stay out nights. Then for every breach, which under the laws of the State would not discharge, let damages be recoverable. Since—following the rule in divorce suits—it would oftenest be the woman who sought damages, this might help settle the everlasting allowance question, or take the place of alimony.

And as to dissolution at will—we are doubtless on perilous ground when we come to that—but why not at the will of both, as well as at the will of one without the consent of the other? As it is, the fact that the parties to the marriage contract are agreed to dissolve it, is the very reason why they cannot—*vide* collusion. Of course we all know collusion implies fraud; but will law-makers and law-expounders “show cause” why that rule is not arbitrary which makes fraud against the court so much more heinous an offense than fraud against the husband or wife?

For this anomalous contract cannot be discharged on account of deception or misrepresentation. And yet if this be not a contract *uberrimae fidei*, none is. “Who has pinched,” very pertinently asks George Eliot, “into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of pre-matrimonial acquaintanceship?” The present deponent is not here to say divorce should be granted for deception, but it is certain that they are granted every day for lighter causes—and really, under other guises, for this cause itself. Being provided with too few hats in a twelve-month is nothing compared to being inveigled into marriage under false pretenses. Incompatibility of temper is, no doubt—what General Sherman said war is; but the only thing that makes it ground for divorce in anybody's mind, is that before marriage its existence was concealed. If neither party was deceived, all they can do is agree to disagree, and any just court would say so. The candidate for matrimony who palms himself or herself off for, morally or otherwise, what he or she is not, commits as much more flagrant an offense than the one who sells a blemished horse to another for a good one, or delivers to him unmerchantable goods, as the bargain is more important.

But, after all, what would one have? Marriage, as a contract, or what not, is just as consistent, straightforward, unequivocal as men and women have been toward each other in any capacity since ever the world was. Not even the law or the church can do other than hedge and fence and prevaricate when it comes to the relations of the sexes. When sex-considerations enter the door, common sense and common honesty fly out at the window. And legal relations between man and woman have been more or less strained, since the first court was held in the cool of the day in the Garden of Eden, and Adam turned State's evidence.

Jennie Wren to Blue Jay

Ma Cherie Blue:

At last, I have an opportunity to write a long letter to you, *ma adoree*. And in return for all your interesting morsels of gossip and news about our mutual friends who are at home, I shall endeavor to reciprocate and feed you a few tidbits concerning some of those whom we both know on this side. It seems almost impossible, *cherie*, to turn fairly round without meeting at least a half dozen of my former acquaintances. To be sure, I do not always know them well enough to greet them with the open arms they appear to expect, but then I realize that a year and a half makes many changes in the social life of a city, and that your World's Fair must have done wonders in the way of social elevation for the *nouveau riche*.

Tell me, did people really make so much money at the Fair, the men who were at the head of it, as the general impression over here seems to be? I have met many Germans and one or two French who went to St. Louis last summer, and they declared that the men, like Governor Francis and one or two of the others, had made millions. I was able in one or two instances to correct this impression, but I found one German journalist—he is the very clever writer on the biggest Berlin newspaper and is regarded seriously as a *litterateur* of great merit in all Europe, who persisted in his views, and I could not change them, try as hard as I might. But I find the foreign prejudice—and there is much of it—nearly always hinges on some trifle which may have affected the individual in a purely personal manner. For example, this man told me with great indignation, that when he went to the Fair to write articles concerning the Congress of the Press or whatever that might have been, he was presented with a pass which only admitted him at a certain gate of the Fair, and if, by any chance he might be at another entrance, his credentials were not accepted, and he would have to traverse the grounds and arrive at the gate where his pass was on record. He said he lost much time in so doing, and was greatly inconvenienced withal. And I understand that he went back to Berlin and wrote terrible articles denouncing the Fair, all because of this gate arrangement. Was that not spiteful and unfair of him, *cherie*? You know I take the keenest pleasure in opposing all these conceited foreigners—and most of them, except the very cultured, and those who have traveled extensively, are so filled with their own importance as to be insufferable—and in consequence I am regarded by the set I know best in Paris, as being very strong-minded and aggressive, when as you well know, I am quite the reverse, and always will be.

But this is not dealing out to you news about the

St. Louis friends whom I have stumbled across this summer. Just before I left Paris for my vacation I saw the Charles Galloways at Fountainebleau. They were sight-seeing, or rather, rambling about the picturesque place, and the moment I saw them I excused myself from my party—some very nice English people who know the McMillans and of whom I shall tell you later—and went over to greet them. I had never met the bride—did you tell me that she was or was not in society?—but Charles was quite his old graceful self—a bit absent-minded as ever, but intensely devoted to his wife, as I could readily see. She is not bad-looking, but lacks style in a shocking manner. However, Paris will do much for her, as it does for everybody. Mr. Galloway is at once taking possession of a “soft snap.” You see, *cherie*, that I still remember my St. Louis slang. Are you not delighted? He goes into the church where Guilmant has been head organist for almost a generation, and as the old Frenchman is devoted to his American boy, as he calls him, there is every reason to believe that all the Guilmant eclat will eventually fall on Charles' shoulders. I understand that his wife sings—they are just over from a Scottish trip—and that she will perfect her voice, but I trust she will perfect her pose as well, and not appear so gushing as when we met. Really, I was overcome—I dislike gush and great exuberance of spirits very much, and I hope, *cherie*, that you have been able to overcome some of these enthusiastic outbursts to which you used to be so much given. Europe as a steadier of poise and a producer of aplomb is the best teacher that I know. I have been to Interlaken this month, indeed, only came back to Paris yesterday in order to see my little Frenchwoman who makes my blouses, and the like, for a mere song, and to engage her for a new set, my summer supply being gone and the weather still continuing hot. Interlaken was crowded—too much so for comfort. In the evenings we could not stroll along the main sidewalks without becoming so immersed in the crowd as to be obliged to take to the middle of the street. I met Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown one evening. They greeted me affectionately, but I was reserved. One can't expend one's energies on persons whom one scarcely knew at home, *cherie*, and I really must hold myself in reserve for my friends. Mrs. Brown is a rather handsome woman, somewhat overdressed, but with a style of her own, just the same, and she wore magnificent jewels—my English friends, who love baubles, and who are hopeless on the subject, were quite impressed with her diamonds, and her general air of aplomb. They thought she must be an American countess, at least, and asked me anxiously, if her husband was a “Copper King.” What on earth is that, *cherie*? I never had heard the term. The Browns invited me to breakfast with them—*dejeuner a la fourchette*, you know, at twelve the next morning, at their hotel—the Victoria, but I had made

up my mind to go on to the Lake Geneva region with the English people that I have mentioned—there is a very charming, but hopelessly ineligible younger son in the party, and I am playing with fire, *cherie*, for the first time in my life—and liking the experiment immensely. So I did not see them again.

Mrs. Ashly D. Scott had just left Interlaken with her younger daughter, Isabel, and her *dame de compagnie*. I was very sorry to miss them. Mrs. Scott, so I heard, has made a great success in Switzerland the last year. She has had half a dozen men of considerable importance at her feet, and the common gossip is, that she will marry an English bachelor who went to St. Louis last summer before the World's Fair began, and whom she met and fascinated at that time. Isabel has developed wonderfully. She will never have Minnie's *distingue* manner, but she has a nice little way all her own, and is quite good-looking. Then a year abroad has accomplished so much for her in the way of giving her confidence—that is the whole of it in a nutshell, *cherie*, you know how to stand on your own feet and put these foreigners where they belong—sometimes you don't learn, and then Heaven help you! Isabel is to come out late next fall, when Mrs. Scott and she go home, I understand. She ought to make a brilliant success. Somebody wrote—I think it was yourself, dear Blue, that Minnie was on the point of marrying a widower who was much her senior, with great wealth, and who had been devoted to her for years—some man in St. Louis—is that true, and what is his name?

Did I write you of my flying trip to the German spas? The Otto Mersmans came along one day in early July, and would not listen to excuses—I had a rehearsal at the Paris Opera House that afternoon, to meet a distinguished manager whom I was most anxious to have hear my voice, too—but they were irresistible, and they bore me off in their huge touring car. They are enjoying the summer very much, going about entirely in their machine, and as you well know, one can get from town to town so easily, it is thoroughly delightful, and quite off the conventional line of sight-seeing. The four days I spent with them I saw more of the unusual sights than I had in a whole year's staid residence in Paris prosaically studying music. Mrs. Mersman is so lovely to her friends—I am astonished that people ever find her austere. She is still wearing her *coiffure* in the very severe English fashion—a trifle waved, it is true, but closely confined in a net—and says that "Otto" likes it so, which settles the question. *Cherie*, would you stick to a style because your husband admired it? I cannot imagine myself doing so. I would immediately change to the very opposite if only in order to assert my independence. But "Otto" is rather dictatorial, so I hear, though he certainly was most agreeable on our trip, and as jolly as one could wish. We went to Carlsbad one morning and lo! who should we see but Adolphus Busch and a big party of ten, including his rather pleasant daughter, the youngest—I cannot remember her name, but she is dark in style, and moves her arms curiously, and laughs a great deal. They were quiet, as I understand Mr. Busch has lately lost a son in St. Louis. They came over from Marienbad, near where Mr. Busch has a villa, and took breakfast at our stopping place, the Hotel Pupp. *Que c'est ridicule, n'est pas?* Mr Busch is easily the most distinguished of his party. I wonder why. In fact, he's a noted American—the only one ever heard of from St. Louis.

These English friends of whom I speak met the younger McMillans last spring in London. They could not quite place Mrs. McMillan, so they intimated, but asked me if her grand manner was genuine, and if her people were the real aristocrats. I was obliged to tell them that I knew nothing what-

ever of her ancestry, but that she had always been made much of in St. Louis. As they think St. Louis is a Western Newport, they were silenced, and not altogether unimpressed, either. Let me tell you a very amusing thing—but first, let me ask who are the Bixbys? They must, in some way, be connected with the McMillans in business or otherwise,—I seem to remember a Mr. Bixby who wore frock coats everywhere, and had a beard of greater or less importance—though I never even knew there was such a person as Mrs. Bixby—well, they are in England now, or were, last month, and the McMillans, who were in some wise bound to entertain them, were put to do it properly. The McMillans have gathered about them a rather decent circle of friends, and are anxious to increase their prestige, so they sat up very late in the evening and decided when the Bixbys came across, that the best thing to do would be to take them motoring, and as far away from London and their new friends as possible, and they proceeded along this line, *cherie*, and it worked very well. The Bixbys were in England six or eight weeks, and the McMillans just bundled them into a motor car or two and took them touring through Wales and Scotland, and they enjoyed it, and the McMillans were not, therefore, obliged to introduce them to any persons who might raise eyebrows, and the whole thing turned out as fine as possible. I was quite surprised at Mrs. McMillan. I didn't imagine from the few times that I had met her in St. Louis, that she had so much skill and diplomacy. She is good to look upon, but—need I say more?

Now, *cherie*, I must ask a few questions about some of my old friends. Who is Clara Bain going

THE TIME IS APPROACHING WHEN YOU MUST CONSIDER FALL FURNISHINGS FOR YOUR HOME. WE SHOW THE HIGHEST IDEALS OF THE DESIGNERS' ART IN FURNITURE, CARPETS AND DRAPERIES. IT IS ADMITTED THAT NOT EVERYONE IS COMPETENT TO MAKE SELECTIONS AND HAVE THE PROPER EFFECT ALONG WITH ORIGINALITY. EACH OF OUR SALESMEN IS AN EXPERT AT THIS AND THERE IS SURELY SOME SATISFACTION IN KNOWING THAT ONE CAN GET THE PROPER AND CORRECT THING FROM US.

AN INSPECTION IS SOLICITED.

GEORGIA-STIMSON,
FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.,
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to marry? You forgot to mention his name. And has Clara grown any slimmer? I hope so. In one of your recent letters you wrote about Mrs. Clubb's increasing weight. Why, *cherie*, she is a perfect sylph compared to Clara, and Mrs. George Marion Brown and some others I might mention. Really, you were quite too hard on her, and I hope she snubs you dreadfully the next time you meet.

No, Louise Rumsey was not such a wonderful success in the German towns. I hardly knew she was over here until she had gone. I understand that her husband was detained in St. Louis on account of the illness—and subsequent death of his uncle, Moses Rumsey—and without a man escort naturally she could not do much. These Europeans are queer about that, *cherie*. They will countenance all sorts of carryings-on, so far as young and attractive married women are concerned, but the husband must be somewhere within earshot, or else there is the very devil to pay. They are afraid of complications.

So the German entertainments on the part of the Commissioner—what was his name? that you wrote was so smitten with Mrs. Rumsey's charms?—were not very grand and he himself was discreet, though pleasant in his attentions, and everything was quite decorous. They say the Commissioner says Miss Hayward was the brightest woman he met at the Fair. Isn't that sweet?

Harry Turner has torn all Europe wide open in his Pope-Toledo. He didn't call on Ellis Wainwright, in Paris. They say there's a girl over here in whom he's very much interested, but you can't tell.

Cherie, I am due in Lyons in about two hours, as I want to see a noted singer—now retired—who will

Nugent's Boys' School Clothing Will be needed September 5th.

HERE it is—the kind that pleases the boys, at prices that please the parents.

FREE WATCHES!—We want every boy to be at school on time. From now till school opens we will give with every Suit bought for \$5.00 or more, a genuine Yankee Watch, warranted for one year.

OUR NEW Fall and Winter CATALOGUE

Will be ready for delivery to out-of-town people about September 1st. Send us your name and address and we'll mail you a copy as soon as published. IT'S FREE.

"Mother's Friend" Boys' Waists and Shirts—In the new fall patterns, all sizes—in this School Sale at **50c**

Knee Pants—For boys of 3 to 16 years—"Nugent's Special" Indestructible Knee Pants—double seat and knees, patent elastic waistband, all wool, new fall mixtures and plain blue— School Sale Price **50c**

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Boys' Knee-Pant Suits—Ages 7 to 16 years—Made of all wool cheviots and cashmeres, in double-breasted and Norfolk styles, medium weight, suitable for early school wear—\$4.00 and \$5.00 values—in this sale at..... **\$2.95**

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B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co., Broadway, Washington Ave. and St. Charles Street.

give me some valuable hints. So this must be the end for to-day. With undying affection, I am as ever,
Yours,
Paris, August 16.

JENNY WREN.

The Letters of Lucifer

(14) To a Sister of Charity

Sister Madeleine:

A MESSENGER brought me your request this morning. I am glad to be of even so slight a service; and to-morrow's mail will bring the favor you desired. I beg you will not consider it as anything but a mere trifle. You are overly grateful, I fear, for the little favors secured to your institution.

I am not a member of any church, as you have surmised; and if a long line of Calvinistic ancestry were to wield any influence, my prejudices would be strongest against your particular creed. But much stress of living has made me admire courage, tenderness and unselfishness, wherever these flowers spring, and I find my religion in all creeds.

In the stony life of the city I have never seen aught that appealed more to me than the patient lives of your sisterhood. My windows look out on a wide and gloomy street. Here and there the pigeons fly, their plumage dimmed and tarnished by the smoke and dust of the town. The clang and buzzing of gongs, and the jarring clash of heavy wheels mingles with the cries of newsboys and the tramp of passing feet. The sky is blurred with long streamers of trailing soot, and by the docks the masts of moored vessels stand black and bare as gallows-trees. Past these the sombre river flows, like the tides of Time, which take us all out to sea.

And sometimes, when musing on this picture, there has come the almost noiseless entry of the sisters of your order, the pale faces of those who have devoted their lives to the world. So comes the spell of silence, after the jangling clamor of iron bells; so rests the touch of peace where drifted snows have hidden the ravages of time.

I have watched you and your companions keenly. Not with the peering eye of the curious, but with the awe due those whose days are consecrate. At times, when in imaginative mood, I seem to see the joys you have set aside, the sacrifices you have made. As though, looking in such questioning eyes, I saw the wraith of a blighted motherhood. As if, for the sake of they who sorrow and those who

mourn, you had left for others the boon of clinging baby hands, the love of little children—

*"O sweet blossoms that are curled,
Life's tender morning-glories
Round the casement of the world."*

Yet in the cloistered silence of your convent walls the faces of children blossom and the buds of love unfold.

In your garden, which I have seen from the windows of the elevated cars, green tendrils put out their slender stalks, and the flame of rose-petals paints the summer air. The graveled walks, the white-washed trellises, the tiny beds bordered by quaint shells, and even the hopeful grass seem to whisper of joy and sunshine, of April moods and August glories. Yet as the somber-colored figures pass a weird loneliness apparently envelops them, the shadows of lost hopes following on before.

*"Is it living thus to live?
Has life nothing more to give?
Ah! no more of smile or sigh;
Life, the world, and Love good-bye."*

And still, on those heights of duty where you walk, do not the voices of love and the blessings of those comforted come to sustain and soothe you? Recompense there must be for those who freely give their lives to overworn humanity.

I, who have long trod the path of reckless ways, hold fast through all the years to an ideal of truth. Somewhere in the citadel of my heart is guarded jealously an image of the good. And still to my yearning gaze unfolds a vision of the beautiful. In the dress and mission of your calling all these are visible to me. In your gray hair and sympathetic glance I read again the story of the good Samaritan.

Sister: if so scarred and sinful a man may thus address you, I stand reverent in your presence; my very soul uncovers while you pass. LUCIFER.

(THE END.)

Curb the Chauffeur

THE police records show that many automobile accidents occur to cars which are occupied, not by their owners, but by the machinists employed to operate them, who, when not engaged in the work they are paid to do, use the vehicles entrusted to their care for their own recreation and amusement. The proprietor of a touring car being out of town or abed, (says the New York Sun) his chauffeur organizes a party of his own friends and takes them for an outing. If all goes well, the machine's owner knows nothing of the extra miles run

by it. If an accident happens, the chauffeur loses his job, only to obtain another as good, and the whole story is told.

If the employees of automobile owners were prevented from using the machines they operate, except under the orders of their employers, the list of accidents would be decreased considerably. Some owners have taken care to prevent the use of their machines without their knowledge, by insisting that an easily removed, but essential part of the running gear shall be removed when they do not wish to ride, and kept in a safe place. These owners are not awakened in the small hours to be told that their cars have been demolished or have caused the death or maiming of their occupants, or others. The precaution is a simple one, and is worth taking.

The Camp of the Sleepers

(Central Park, Summer, 1905.)

By Edith M. Thomas

ANGEL, whose stand is on the towers
Of cities, through the deep night hours
When thou, compassioning, yet apart
Hearest all hearts beat as one heart!
Heed, now, this host of them that sleep;
A few blest hours of truce they keep;
Once more they breathe, their foe withdrawn
Beneath the bastions of the dawn.
Guard the grim battle's armistice!
Pace round this cool, green oasis,
Where old and young have cast away
The burning burden of the day!

Their tent roof is the blue-dark vault,
The sentry night-breeze calleth, "Halt!"
And now their eyes shut out the sheen
Of downward-driving lances keen;
Nor fear they now lest they shall reel
Beneath their foe's dread chariot wheel
That driveth through the blind, bright noon;
To these, the dark is dreamless boon.

O Angel, who hast charge to keep
The mingled host of these that sleep,
Behold, outflung along thy path,
Like sickled grain—the human swath.
Behold, and, as thou passest by,
For prayer receive the slumberer's sigh!
And closer bend thy pitying eye;
Like scattered flowers the children lie
In their white raiment on the sward.
Oh, most of all, have these in ward!

From the New York Sun.

Letters From the People

RECEIVERSHIP AND GRAND JURIES.

St. Louis, Aug 17, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In this Lewis matter, don't you think the Court is going pretty far in appointing a receiver, if the concern proposes to wind up, if the present directors are perfectly responsible people, and willing to wind up as provided by law for corporations that dissolve by consent.

The fraud order was all right, but this last business, is kind of rubbing it in for the stockholders, who will have the piper to pay.

Your late article in regard to grand jury business (The exclusion of workmen from the panel.) was all right. If you write another, why would it not be a good thing to just say, the Court has authority and power to appoint any twelve good men, and if so, why not take twelve young lawyers, who ought to know the law, as officers of the Court, and would not be apt to return an indictment that would not be likely to stick, and would not hear a lot of incompetent evidence, that could not be used in court. There is nothing in the law to prevent this being done.

H. A. H.

THE MAYOR'S CHAUFFEUR.

St. Louis, August 20th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Why not start a column of personal news about the chauffeurs or chauffeurs of the city. There must be two thousand of them. Their employers are celebrated in other fields than automobiling. The drivers are interesting fellows—more so than their bosses.

SHOFER.

(We decline. Each auto-owner thinks his chauffeur is the best, yet is trying to get some other autoist's chauffeur. Each chauffeur thinks he is the best. We yearn not to mingle in a clash of so many excellencies. We decline to assist in making chauffeurs more haughty than they are. We don't want to set auto-owners to stealing one another's chauffeurs, as women steal cooks and housemaids. For instance, Charlie Newland is Mayor Wells' chauffeur, and now that Mayor Wells is away, a dozen other autoists are trying to lure him to their employ, by higher wages. Charlie hasn't fallen as yet, though the price has been raised to a figure suggestive of the bids years ago for crack ball players. Charlie Newland is said to be the best and safest chauffeur in town, and this recommendation is enhanced by the distinction of his employer. Thus far, he refuses to quit the Mayor, and, probably he will remain loyal. His case suggests however, that autoists had better make their drivers sign contracts for certain periods, and then contract among themselves not to seduce chauffeurs from one another. No autoist should take another's man until that man is released by the present employer. The chauffeurs too should have an organization to strengthen their morale and uphold the dignity of the profession along the lines of loyalty indicated in

Charlie Newland's refusal to desert Mayor Wells under the allurements of higher offers by speed-eaters like Harry Drummond and Billy Miltenberger.—
ED. MIRROR.)

A YOUNG MAN'S INVESTMENTSS.

Alton, Ills., August 17, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

As a subscriber of your paper, I take the liberty of asking you in what way a young man who can spare from ten to twenty dollars a month, can invest that amount to the best advantage.

Yours respectfully,

J. W. S.

(Put your money in a bank or trust company offering interest on small deposits. That interest is small but sure. Investment in time payment bonds may be safe, but the conditions and restrictions are such that you can't realize, on a sudden demand, except at a sacrifice. A young man, we suppose, will marry. When the girl comes along a home will be needed. It would be prudent and wise to put money in a Building Association, that is carefully conducted. All offers of big interest on small investments are swindles. A little book, entitled, "How to Invest Money," (Moody Corporation, New York,) contains much good advice as to investments generally. The safest investment is real estate, and it can now be bought on small monthly payments, after a moderate first payment. Keep away from sure things and guaranteed large dividends. Such things are not offered to the public. When men have something really good in this line they keep it to themselves, the big fellows gobble it up. For the rest reflect that Jay Gould said stocks were printed to be sold, and that the man who wants to make you money too fast is a fraud.—
ED. MIRROR.)

THE RULING PASSION.

Scranton, Pa., Aug. 16th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I saw two letters in your paper recently about gambling, one showing how clerks bet on the flanges of electric office fans, another how men bet as to which of two loaves of sugar a fly will alight on first. There is a little cafe in Canal street, in New Orleans, where that game is beaten. The cafe is run by a creole and he serves snails such as you get nowhere else. When his patrons get sporty he trots out a lot of live snails for racing. A snail doesn't go very rapidly under ordinary circumstances, and they have to be jockeyed along with burning matches, under which incentive four feet may be covered in fifteen minutes. The man whose snail is last pays for the absinthe. Gambling is pretty near the ruling passion.

C. T. DODD.

A SOCIOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

As a workingman with years of experience I wish to endorse the proposed razing of the market street rookeries, the cheap lodging houses and the cheaper restaurants between Sixth and Sev-

Scruggs Vanderroort & Barney

Broadway, Olive, Locust.

Interior Decorations and Furnishings.

If you contemplate furnishing a home or a single room, let us show you schemes for decorations.

An assembling of Wall decorations, hangings and furniture, before starting, gives a very definite idea of the general effect of the work, when finished.

Satisfactory results do not always depend on the amount of money spent on the furnishings, but on the taste of the decorator, and on his ability to combine the several parts and evolve a harmonious whole.

We give all work intrusted to us the most careful supervision, thus insuring the best results attainable.

Give us an opportunity of showing you color schemes and materials and estimating on your work.



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enth streets. In fact it would be a good thing for the country and the man, if such places were abolished or at least limited in number and placed under the supervision of the State or municipalities. The cheap lodging house and restaurant contribute as much as any other agency to strikes, and they only make for idling. The workingman would be far better off without them. Before the day of the cheap lodgings and "mountain" stew houses there were few idlers in the ranks of the toilers. In my day, they had to work all the time, for when Saturday night or the first of the month came around, they had the boarding house boss to pay, and it was a case of work or you didn't eat or sleep. Now it seems all they care for is the few pennies necessary to buy a stew and rent a hook to hang on in some of the so-called lodging resorts. You'll find some of the best mechanics and workmen in those places—victims of the "easy" life; the mountain stew and the lodging house. And the operators of these resorts are waxing rich. They are the fellows who supply many bogus votes for the registration lists. These places should be cleared away. I hope the threat against them is on the level, and not, as I have heard it said, merely a tip to the owners, that if they come up with the cash, the rookeries will not be condemned. These shacks are very profitable as they stand. There are no fixed charges except taxes. The owners would stand a heavy touch rather than let the shanties be razed.

WORKMAN.

DE DEBBIL WAS BUSY.

St. Louis, Mo., August 21st, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Regarding the stir created by Dr. Palmore criticising a lot of women who signed the petition to Gov. Folk requesting abolition of the Sunday Law, whatever these women may have to say in justification of signing such a document, I believe they are in the wrong, and whilst I believe that Dr. Palmore was a little too severe in his criticisms, I believe that he, as a minister of the Gospel, is right in the position he has taken. It is needless to dwell here upon the suffering, misery and degradation that the liquor traffic has caused women, and I think they are in mighty poor business when they sign such a document as the one in question. The police records show that since the enforcement of the Sunday closing law crime has decreased on that day to a very great extent, and this fact alone should be sufficient justification for the continuance of the Sunday Law. By permitting saloons to run six days a week we are giving the devil all that he can ask for. Let God have one day out of the week. I like men of the cloth like Dr. Palmore,—men who are not afraid to express honest convictions, even if they do tread on certain people's corns. Yours truly,

ROY GALE.

("Roy Gale's" letter is uncalled for. Dr. Palmore is not criticised for his

position on the Sunday law, but for a wanton insult to good women, regardless of their right or wrong stand in their petition. The Devil had no lay off the Sunday Dr. Palmore aspersed the women of the petition, but was busy in Dr. Palmore's pulpit.—ED. MIRROR.)

Something About Baths

Any bath is delicious, but the Belcher bath is peer of all. It is the acme of perfection in the bathing line. The waters of that famous old spring cannot be excelled anywhere. They are healthful to a remarkable degree, giving relief and effecting cures of chronic maladies, almost immediately. And the Belcher baths can be enjoyed doubly because of the modernity of the establishment at Fourth and Lucas avenue. Cleanliness, comfort, excellent service, and delightful ornamentation are its pronounced features. Throughout the bath parlors are of marble—marble floors and walls and tables. The ladies' department is as sumptuously fitted as the men's, though a trifle smaller. Both are well patronized. St. Louisans are learning that there is no need to leave St. Louis for the benefits of restorative waters. Take to the Belcher baths—single \$1; a course, eleven, \$10.

A Kansas City woman who owns and drives a neat little gasoline runabout had an accident a day or two ago. Near Walnut and Eleventh streets she ran into a buggy. As she was moving along very slowly and the buggy was standing still, very little damage resulted. The buggy was not harmed, but the auto's steering apparatus was slightly broken. The woman that evening was telling her husband of the accident.

"How did it occur?" he asked.

"Why," replied his wife, "I was just creeping along near the curb when a woman wearing the loveliest new polo turban I ever saw passed on the sidewalk and"—

"That's enough; I understand," said the man as he turned to his newspaper. —Kansas City Times.

You think of snow-capped mountains and cool, pure, bubbling brooks, with the zest of the hops added, when you drink A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer. Guaranteed to be the result of NATURAL brewing and aging methods and finest barley and imported Bohemian hops. Order from the American Brewing Co.

"Professor," asked Miss Vane, with mock humility, "how long do you think I will have to take lessons before I shall be able to sing really well?"

"I don't now how long you'll have to take lessons," replied the professor, "to enable you to sing as well as you think you sing now."

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True Delicacy

BY J. RICARD

SCENE—JEAN D'ARCY'S bedroom; window curtains of gray velvet over Venetian lace; walls half hidden by water-colors and pastels of ladies in and out of baths, dancers afloat amid clouds of pale tulle, pierrots, etc., etc., all in white wood frames and modern to the last minute. A black oak dressing bureau glitters with crystal baubles; there is a light fragrance of Russia leather and white violets. JEAN D'ARCY, immaculate in white flannel, is absorbedly polishing his finger-nails. He is about thirty-eight, slightly bald, fine wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, but the eyes are bright. There is a dash about JEAN D'ARCY that makes the women say, "He's the best bit of form in town!" Enter BERTRAM, D'ARCY'S confidential man.

BERTRAM—Henri, sir, Monsieur Kerouailles' man, would like to speak to you, sir.

D'ARCY (tosses away his silver rubber, springs up and speaks quickly)—Show him in at once. (Exit BERTRAM.)

D'ARCY walks about the room, sits down, jumps up again; throws himself hastily into a chair as the door opens to admit HENRI. HENRI is very correct.

D'ARCY (sharply)—What is it? Is anyone ill?

HENRI—No, sir; nothing wrong, sir. It's a personal matter I'd like to mention to you, sir—in fact, a favor to ask, sir.

D'ARCY—Well, speak out.

HENRI—I've heard, sir, that Bertram is leaving you?

D'ARCY—Yes, he's getting married and wants to be employed with his wife.

HENRI—Bertram is making a mistake, sir; there's no place in the best houses for man and wife now: it's not good form for a confidential man to be married. Bertram will be a loss to you, sir—a new man is a bore, and you don't know who you're getting. It's the reason I thought you'd be willing to engage me, sir. You've known me a long time, sir, and—I've—known you, sir—

D'ARCY—Was it only yesterday you left Monsieur Kerouailles?

HENRI—I've not spoken yet to Monsieur Kerouailles, sir; but I prefer to be with a bachelor, especially since Monsieur Kerouailles sold his racing stable, sir; there's nothing much in his service for me.

D'ARCY—You've not spoken to Madame Kerouailles either?

HENRI—No, sir.

D'ARCY—Madame Kerouailles puts great confidence in you, Henri.

HENRI—She has reason to, sir. I'll be sorry for Madame Kerouailles, for there's not many knows better what's what. I'm no bragger, but I'll say this—I'm not a babbler. I want this place with you, sir, just on account of hearing you notice to Monsieur Kerouailles as to how fine the varnish was put on to his riding-boots. Monsieur Kerouailles don't know any difference be-

tween a artist and a stable-boy. I put that varnish on, sir, with—

D'ARCY—Of course—all right—I'd be glad to secure a clever man like you; but—there's Kerouailles (to himself)—I don't want to seem to make off with his man—

HENRI—I'll say to you, sir, that anyway I'll not be staying with Monsieur Kerouailles. Five months of the year in the country won't do for me, and this country place of his is too damp; it's giving me rheumatics—I need city life—

D'ARCY (walking about and hesitating)—Well—if you're getting rheumatism and mean to leave Monsieur Kerouailles—that boot varnish is a joy—(to HENRI)—If you've decided to—(hastily)—No! I can't take anything my friend values in an underhand fashion; I can't be a fraud! (To HENRI decidedly)—I'm very sorry, I'd like to take you, but it would not be the thing toward Monsieur Kerouailles; it would not be treating him with delicacy or consideration.

HENRI—Very well, sir; I'm sorry, too. Perhaps you'll kindly not mention to Monsieur Kerouailles that—not till I've— (Bows and exits.)

II.

SCENE—MADAME KEROUAILLES' sitting-room, same day, 3 p. m. The room is warm and full of perfume; sun shines softly through Indian silk curtains. MADAME KEROUAILLES is stretched full length on a divan. D'ARCY sits on an ottoman close beside her, and from time to time presses a kiss on the hand clasped in his.

D'ARCY—My dearest! Do you know it is three years to-day since you consented to come to my rooms to look at my miniatures?

MADAME KEROUAILLES—How dare you remind me! (Sigh.) And I had such perfect confidence in you! You didn't deserve—you were—

D'ARCY (leans over and whispers)—What was I? You were not so very—

MADAME KEROUAILLES—Yes—yes I was—more than a great, hot-brained fellow can ever understand.

D'ARCY—We were entirely made for each other. How could we help knowing it? That time you slipped away in a conscience-panic it didn't take me long to find you in the little hotel among the clouds atop of the Pyrenees—

MADAME KEROUAILLES—I certainly wasn't expecting you.

D'ARCY—No, that was plain enough, for you had already started an affair with Henri de Chazot. That follow sets my teeth on edge—he's a fraud. I hope you're not going to annoy us with him at Chateaubriand this autumn?

MADAME KEROUAILLES—If you find him too much of a bore you know you have a— You know I don't invite the people; you'd better talk it over with Ferdinand. Although Ferdinand is fond of de Chazot—says he can't stand the country without him.

D'ARCY—So much the worse for Ferdinand! Just see that de Chazot is crossed off, will you? Speaking of Cha-

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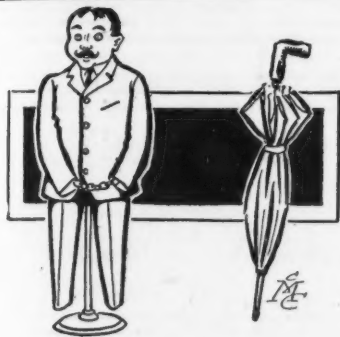
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teaubriand, your husband can't depend on Henri to go to the country. The man says Chateaubriand doesn't agree with him—came this morning to ask me to take him on, as Bertram is leaving.

MADAME KEROUAILLES—Shall you take him?

D'ARCY—Certainly not!

MADAME KEROUAILLES—But why? Ferdinand finds Henri admirable—honest, reliable, no gossip—

D'ARCY—I know all that.

MADAME KEROUAILLES—Then why—?

D'ARCY—You don't seem to take in the situation, dearest. Surreptitiously take a valuable member of a friend's household for my own whim! I'm incapable of it, that's all. Why do you laugh? I'm incapable of such an action! Why do you laugh? Upon my word, it appears that no woman is able to grasp the finer gradations, the true delicacies of friendship! Do you catch my idea?

MADAME KEROUAILLES (opens her mouth to speak—pauses—then, in a tone of thrilled conviction)—Yes, I think I do grasp your idea of true delicacy.

The Magazines

There's some really good magazine matter in the *Smart Set's* September number—a goodly spread of fiction and occasional virile verse. Molly Elliott Seawell has the place of advantage with her stirring tale, "The Chateau of Montplaisir," but Stephen French Whitman's Japanese story, "Hashimoto," Elizabeth Duer's, "The Man on Horseback," Cecile Carlisle Pangman's "The Man, the Maid, and the Machine," Kate Masterson's "The Masque of Venus," and several other contributions are fully as interesting. Theodosia Garrison is represented by a swinging lilt—"The Sea Born."

One of the after dinner stories floating about the Hamptons, apropos of Cardinal Gibbons's visit, relates to a colored girl who once had a place in the Cardinal's household in Baltimore. "She came to me," said the woman who told the story, "with a most flattering letter of recommendation. I held her off until I got into communication with another member of the rectory service.

"Malindy was a fine girl, all right," was the response I heard, 'and we couldn't find much fault with her. But you see we had to let her go, for, do what we would, we couldn't keep her, when she wanted to rig herself up in extra style, from wearing the Cardinal's red silk stockings.'

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He—I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket of yours? She—Precisely. It is a lock of my husband's hair. He—But your hus-



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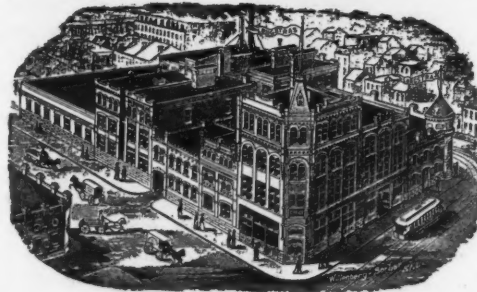
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band is still alive. She—But his hair is all gone.—Judge.

A Paris youth named Armand Gally, killed his sweetheart and attempted to commit suicide. At his trial, counsel for the defense described the youth as a poet, and read a pathetic verse which he said he had written. The jury was touched and acquitted the prisoner. Now Viscount de Borrelli has written to the papers: "Here is an exceedingly humorous business. One Armand Gally kills a woman and tries to kill himself, but, of course, fails, as they always do. At the trial, counsel reads, as being the work of his client, a poem by myself, published some three years ago in the

Gaulois. And, of course, the jury acquits him. It appears to me that I deserve to be congratulated in this matter."

Kilson—Gaylord's wife used to be awfully stout, and now she is quite thin. What caused the change, I wonder? Marlow—Divorce. This isn't the same wife.—Town and Country.

No preservatives, no chemical coloring, nothing but best Iowa and Canadian barley and imported Bohemian hops, brewed by exquisitely clean and sanitary methods, make A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer delicious, pure, wholesome. Order from the American Brewing Co.

The Stock Market

"Up with stocks," is still the popular gurgle in Wall street. The number of buyers is increasing, and so are brokers' commissions. The very atmosphere around Trinity Church is tainted with flashy optimism. The front-seat occupants in brokers' offices look presumptuously prosperous. They are all purchasing stocks. And what else can they do? It is extremely risky to sell short even for a quick turn of a point or two. The man who takes a bearish notion and acts on it may have to be sorry for and suffer from it all the rest of his mortal life.

And yet, values are high, unjustifiably so, in most instances. The way prices are being manipulated and rushed up staggers every conservative mind. There are no tempering brakes to this bull movement, and this constitutes the one constant, grave menace. The tendency is too one-sided. A market without the counterpoise of a good, healthy bear account should be left severely alone by every man of sound, solid sense. At present quotations, the yield on the investment is hardly worth considering in many cases. Values for railroad and industrial issues approach those quoted for choice county, city and school bonds. This is an abnormality which is certain to be remedied in due time by a drastic readjustment. There's New York Central, which pays 5 per cent dividends per annum, and sells at 156, a figure utterly out of proportion to such as are quoted for first-class railroad mortgage bonds. New York Central debenture 4s, of 1934, are selling at less than 102, or on a lower basis than the stock. Now, these are matters inviting careful, assiduous consideration in these days of turbulent, reckless stock speculation. It is the investment return that really or ultimately determines the market value of a stock—not the over-excited fancy of a profit-greedy speculator.

We are all apt and even willing to overlook the cold, bare fact that stock market quotations have risen enormously. It needs only a glance at the quotations prevalent nine or ten years ago to realize the full extent of the verily unprecedented appreciation that has taken place.

In 1895, Atchison common sold at 3½; its present price is 90½. Louisville and Nashville has risen from 39 to 150; Northwestern common from 87 to 220, B. & O. common from 49 in 1895, to 113; St. Paul common from 50 to 187; Norfolk and Western common from 1½ to 85; Northern Pacific common from 2½ to 215; Reading common from 4½ to 113; Union Pacific common from 4 to 137.

When we turn to the industrial list, we are met by similar striking gains in value. Sugar common has advanced from 83½, in January, 1896, to 144; General Electric from 20 to 184; Pullman from 146 to 250; Tennessee Coal and Iron from 15½ to 91; Calumet and Hecla from 295 to 650. These are truly magnitudinous gains. The gain in the instance of General Electric repre-

sents something like 775 per cent. That in Northern Pacific common is about 7,300 per cent.

All these things count mighty little in Wall street's calculations of the present day. If they are known at all, they are airily dismissed from consideration as theoretical matters of value only to the pedantic critic, and yet they are bound to demonstrate their weight and force at the psychological moment, which is an imponderability no less to be reckoned with in Wall street stock-jobbing than in movements on the fateful chessboard of *Weltpolitik*.

There's no water-holding argument that could be advanced in substantiation of the theory now so much in vogue that American railroad stocks are in a class by themselves, and that deductions drawn from the rises and falls of similar shares dealt in on European markets cannot be made applicable to them. It is prodigiously foolish to advance the idea that our stocks will never again experience a severe decline. A costly, bitter lesson will be brought home to those who are now intoning pæans to the all-conquering genius of a Harriman and a Rockefeller. In the long run, we will be unable to escape the harsh fate that has overtaken the British investor of a decade ago.

Very few in number were the London financiers of 1895 who would have cared to predict sharp slumps in English securities. Yet we all know what has occurred since. British consols are still some 22 points below their erstwhile high level, although more than three years have elapsed since the end of the Boer war, which first provoked the depreciation in values. Caledonian Railway shares have dropped from 166 to 115, Great Western (British), from 187¼ to 142½, North Eastern from 184½ to 139, North London from 228 to 122½. A decade ago, the last-named was regarded as a gilt-edged investment stock, just as New York Central or Northwestern common is to-day. The person who bought this British stock in 1895 at 222 is now considerably out of pocket, and certainly not in the best of humor when he thinks of the fall in value of 106 points, which has taken place. There's no escaping the stern, inexorable law of supply and demand in the money market. This is the lesson which the British investor has ruefully learned, and will remember for years to come.

"But," interposes here our New York financial quack of facile shallow optimism, "America is in position to dictate the financial policy of the entire civilized world. America can regulate the money market. America can draw *ad lib.* on Europe's supply of funds and our New York bankers can do as they please." Fiddlesticks! This same sort of childish talk was heard in the fall of 1902, just before the Wall street hordes of frenzied gamblers were compelled to throw their large holdings of inflated stocks overboard at ruinous losses, because money was growing tighter every day. At this writing, money is still easy, with surplus re-

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serves down to only \$9,355,675 above the legal limit, and in the face of currency shipments to the interior which are certain to amount to a fine total before November 1st. It is intimated that Wall street is already borrowing in Europe. This may be the modern way of regulating the world's money markets, and of pulling yourself out of a bad hole, but it's not the safest way, not by a long shot. Let's wait and see!

Railroad earnings and crop reports continue highly encouraging, and the iron and steel business is kicking up again in a very decided fashion. Pittsburgh is making purchases of United States Steel common and prophesying much higher prices and—would you believe it—a resumption of dividend payments on the common in 1906. The economic horizon, from Wall street's point of view, is rosy-colored. Yet, all the same, let the purchaser of stocks be careful and keep his senses intact.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Fourth street proceedings were somewhat tame in the past week. Price changes were not material. Buyers displayed less anxiety to buy at sellers' figures. This prevented the consummation of sales in many instances. The investment demand is of small proportions at this time. There should be a livening up, however, with the advent of cooler weather.

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The bank and trust company group present but few changes in prices. Bank of Commerce is selling at about 346½, Third National at 328½, and Missouri-Lincoln at 146¼. Prices for other shares of this class are chiefly nominal.

United Railways preferred may be bought at 81¾, and the common at 30½. The 4 per cent bonds advanced a fraction, being quoted at 86¼ bid, 86½ asked.

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Compress sold at 54. For St. Joseph Lead 15½ is bid, 16½ asked. Central Coal and Coke common is quoted at 63½ bid, 64¼ asked.

East St. Louis and Suburban 5s are selling in small lots at 102. For Laclede Gas 5s 108¼ is bid, 108½ asked. Brewing 6s of large denomination, may be purchased at 100½.

Bank clearances last week were small compared with the corresponding week of 1904. The figures were \$47,997,275, and \$50,380,404, respectively. Money is in fair demand at unchanged rates. New York drafts are quoted at 20 cents discount bid, 10 asked. Sterling exchange is quoted at 4.87, Berlin at 95.12, and Paris at 5.17¼.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

M. R., Keokuk, Iowa.—Consider Ontario and Western worth more. Therefore, would advise holding and buying small amounts on all probable declines.

J. F. M.—Better hang on to your United Railways common. Offerings being absorbed by good people. You will have to be patient, however, in your expectations of a rise.

K. L. J., Denison, Tex.—Consider Southern Pacific preferred a good speculative investment at present prices. The common is also worth attention. Let Colorado Southern common alone for the present.

"At the Nice casino, during the season there, I attended," said a Pittsburgh woman, "a concert given by Siegfried Wagner's orchestra.

"There were many Americans at this concert. Next to me sat an elderly American woman in a beautiful gown, and a noted Russian countess was beside her.

"The two, during the intermission, began to converse. The Russian lady had visited America several times. She was conversant with American music. She said a number of intelligent things in good English, but my compatriot's replies I was unable to hear. Finally, though, I did hear one.

"Don't you think," said the Russian, "that Damrosch is the best conductor in America?"

"I dunno," said my compatriot, "at I ever rid on his car."—*New Orleans States.*

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Co.

Irishman: (to shop man): "I want somethin' for mournin' wear, but I don't know exactly what the coostom is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?"

Shopman: "It depends a little on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have a black suit, a black band on your hat, and black gloves. For some one not so

near and dear you may have a broad band of black on your left arm, or a somewhat narrower one for somebody more distant."

Irishman: "Oh, is that it? Well, then, gimme a shoestring. It's me wife's mother."—*Tit-Bits.*

Professor Chalkdown:—Now, what

little boy will make up a sentence illustrating the meaning of the word "triangle?" *Little Sammy:*—Well, if grubs won't ketch 'em try angle-worms.

By establishing the habit of calling for A. B. C. BOHEMIAN you insure that purity in your beverage that comes from the best material and modern, scientific brewing methods. Order from the American Brewing Co.

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All the smoke, soot, dirt and ashes have been removed. Cook with gas. It will add to your comfort and increase your hours of leisure. It is an inexpensive luxury. It should be enjoyed by all.

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Theatricals

Helen May Butler's Band is the feature of the entertainment at Forest Park Highlands this week. Miss Butler is a leader of force and precision in female garb. There is just enough natty mannishness about her uniform and those of her players to give them distinction. And their playing is thoroughly enjoyable. Lindsay's dogs and monkeys well trained and well behaved animals, are the joy of the children this week. Mlle. Latina, in posturing which exemplifies the excellence of her physical training, Blanche Sharp, a clever vocalist, and the biograph are the other attractions at the Highlands. Next week Sadi Alfarabi, the king of equilibrists, the Rappo Sisters, Flo Adler, Lester and Moure, and George Stewart, a new mimetic entertainer, will take the place of this week's artists. The Igorrotes are still at the Highlands, a drawing power far beyond what was expected of them. The Knights of Pythias will hold an outing at the Highlands to-night, August 24. Tomorrow night, Friday, Mound City Council, Royal Arcanum, will celebrate at Col. Hopkins' resort, and the Royal Arcanum Hospital Association will give a monster benefit and outing at the Highlands Saturday afternoon and evening.

In Signorina Andreina Decclesis the Alps management has secured an artist of the genuine Italian school, with the real Italian voice before it has come in contact with other climates and foreign methods. Signorina Decclesis is fresh from her native country, and the cities of Milan and Naples, where she has sung in opera. There is all the difference in the world between such a voice and that of an Italian, who has been away from home a long time. Her voice is not great, but it is clear and vibrant, and well suited to the numbers she has chosen, the "Jewel song," from "Faust," and the "O mio Fernando," from "La Favorita." Her encores are typically Italian melodies, and difficult to any but an Italian singer. Director Lund, who will go to New York at the close of the week to take up his work with Fritz Scheff, will be given a testimonial concert next Saturday night. It will be the gala event of the season, with Grace van Studdiford and Signorina Decclesis as soloists. Ferdinand Stark, the new director, will arrive in the city in a few days, ready to take up his engagement next Sunday night.

"The Mikado" has proven a hit at Delmar, full houses being the rule at each performance. During the week the audience was introduced to a comparatively new singer, in Miss May Gabriel, a St. Louis girl. Miss Gabriel succeeded the talented Miss Fairbairn in the part of *Katisha* Sunday night, and has since been singing the part with increasing effectiveness, though she had but thirty minutes' notice before assuming the role. Miss Fairbairn was compelled, by a severe throat affection, to give up her work. Her successor, who

formerly sang in the chorus, is but 20 years old.

Coming Attractions.

Richard Carle in "The Mayor of Tokio," will be the opening attraction of the regular theatrical season at the Olympic, Sunday night. In support of the comedian will be found a number of clever stage folk, including Edward Garvie, who played the mummy with "The Maid and the Mummy;" Edmund Stanley, who was last seen here in the tenor role of "The Tenderfoot;" Sylvain Langlois, who sang the role of *Napoleon* in the Delmar "Louisiana;" William Rock, who played the funny Chinaman in "The Tenderfoot;" Hortense Mazuretta, who electrified Chicago the opening night of "The Mayor of Tokio" with her splendid mezzo contralto; Caecilia Rhoda, who played leading musical roles in London for four years; Emma Janvier, who, last season made the "hit" of Vivian's Papas, and Minerva Courtney who played *Patsey* with "The Tenderfoot." In addition there are eight little lightfooted girls known as the "Peanut Ballet" and an assortment of blondes and brunettes who were voted the prettiest of all choruses that appeared in Chicago during the past summer season.

"The Sultan of Sulu," will be the Grand's opening attraction this season, commencing a week's engagement, with a matinee next Sunday. This Ade-Wathall melange is now in the fourth year of its existence. The words are written in George Ade's best vein, and the lyrics and music are also delightfully catchy, while the scenic effects are triumphs of stage realism. Among the other bookings at the Grand for the season are: "Peggy from Paris," "Girls will be Girls," "Simple Simon Simple," "Buster Brown," "Miss Bob White," "The Show Girl," Chas. Grapewin; "Me, Him and I," Frank

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Deshon, in "The Office Boy;" Kellar; "Black Crook;" "Paul Jones;" The Four Mortons;" "Texas;" Al. H. Wilson; Elsie Fay; Hap Ward; "Fantasma;" Williams & Walker; Geo. Sidney; "York State Folks;" "Sis Hopkins;" Florence Bindley; David Higgins; "Our New Minister;" Billy Van; "In Old Kentucky;" Ford & Gehrue; "Good Old New York Town;" Yorke & Adams and "The Old Homestead."

"The Curse of Drink" is the piece that will be presented at the Imperial next week. It is said to be a stirring melodrama with realistic scenes, and a good company to produce them.

The attraction at the Standard next week will be "The Cherry Blossoms." The producing company is a large one, a bunch of entertainers hard to beat anywhere. There will be plenty of laughs and lots of thrills.

The Gayety Theater, the remodeled and renovated Crawford, at Fourteenth and Locust streets, will open its doors to the public Saturday night, August 26. The initial attraction will be "The Gay Burlesquers," a vaudeville company of the first class, which has been on the road a couple of seasons. With new features and new people it will be practically a new show to St. Louisans. The Gayety is to be a popular priced theater, admission ranging from 25 cents to 75 cents.

"King Dodo," the musical show-piece which is well received wherever presented, will be the attraction at Delmar Garden next week, commencing with a matinee Sunday afternoon. The producing company is said to be of exceptional merit, including some of the best known stage folk in the country.

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